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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

We this week present our readers with an engraving illustrative of rabbit shooting. It is well known that rabbits never thrive so well as during an interval of fine, clear, frosty weather. Furze grounds are exceedingly well adapted to this class of animals. They prefer soft soil for their burrows. Hampshire has long been celebrated for its rabbits; not so much, perhaps, from any superiority existing in the size and flavour of these creatures, but from the great quantities that this county produces throughout the year. They are, for the most part, captured by the joint operations of the net and ferret, by which means great numbers are secured, and ultimately find their way into London and other smaller towns throughout the country. They are sold at the rate of six shillings per dozen, off the ground, and are retailed at from ninepence to one shilling, so that sufficient remuneration is obtained by the dealers. The skins fetch about one shilling per dozen, although formerly they produced twice that sum. Many, however, of these animals are destroyed by the gun, and when they prove numerous, as on certain estates, they furnish a vast fund of animating sport to the shooter.

There is an extensive wilderness, composed of furze, gorse, and fern, forming a part of the estate of John Fleming, Esq., situate between Southampton and Winchester, which teems with rabbits; indeed it may be regarded in the light of a warren. Some time since, a party of gentlemen from the latter city had permission to rummage this covert. They were provided with half a dozen bardy terriers, and routed the whole of the fur-clad colony, having killed at the end of one day fifty-six couple of coneys. Many were wounded, but contrived to escape by vaulting into their burrows.

Rough and ready terriers, of a moderate size, are better calculated for rabbit shooting than any other kind of dogs; they are more hardy than spaniels, and push their chase to a greater extent than do the latter; while at the same time, if they are not so musically melodious, they are nevertheless very free in their utterance, and the accents they utter are sufficiently clear to denote their proximity to, or distance from, the animals they may be in pursuit of.

In addition to the produce of our country, such is the demand in the metropolitan markets, that immense quantities are weekly imported from Ostend to satisfy it.



WINTER SPORTS.—RABBIT SHOOTING.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday the Agricultural Hall, at Islington, presented indications of the close approach of that annual show of fatted cattle which has during the last twenty years obtained so much popularity in the metropolis, in the arrivals of some of the more bulky implements of agriculture, which have been exhibited at South Kensington, and which have made their way direct from the International Exhibition. It is understood, however, that there will be many novelties in this department, as, in addition to those which come under the rules of the club as agricultural implements, there will be a separate exhibition of machinery and implements of a general character as well. Amongst the new features connected with the show of this year is the introduction of a five shilling day, namely, on the first day of opening, the 8th of December.

THE coroner for Central Middlesex held an inquest on Saturday in the case of a man named James Woolman, aged twenty-seven who had lost his life under these circumstances:—On the 7th inst. the deceased, who was a carpenter, was engaged in setting an arch at the new junction of the Midland and Great Northern Railways, near London. Having occasion to shape a piece of wood, he was using a clasp knife for that purpose, when he accidentally drove the blade into the fleshy part of his left hand between the thumb and the forefinger. The wound bled a good deal, but he did not at the time think it necessary to obtain medical assistance. He bandaged the hand himself. On some days after he was obliged to consult a surgeon. On the 16th inst. he exhibited symptoms of tetanus, and was received into University College Hospital, where he died on the following day from lockjaw. Dr. Lankester, the coroner, asked Mr. Sidney Ringer, one of the house surgeons of the hospital, whether he knew of any medical statistics with respect to lockjaw from exposed wounds. Mr. Ringer replied in the negative, but observed that this case was one which supported the public notion as to wounds in the thumb producing lockjaw. An artery was divided in deceased's hand by the wound which the knife inflicted. In reply to the jury Mr. Ringer said he was not prepared to express an opinion as to whether Woolman's life would have been saved had he at once procured medical aid. Verdict, "Accidental death."

An inquest was held on Saturday at the Sheffield Public Hospital by the deputy-coroner, on the body of a young married woman, named Sarah Swift, who had died on the previous day. It appeared from the evidence of the husband of the deceased that a few days ago he and his wife were in the house together, and that he left her in the kitchen, attending to the baking of some bread while he went upstairs. After he had been absent for a few minutes he heard his wife scream out in a dreadful manner, and on rushing down stairs he saw her standing in the room enveloped in flames. With great presence of mind he wrapped a woollen rug round her, and succeeded in putting out the flames at a great risk to himself. Assistance was procured, and the poor woman was removed to the hospital, where the surgeon found she had sustained extensive injuries. She died on the Friday. She was not able to give any clear account of the manner in which her clothes caught fire, but she would be obliged to pass the fire frequently while looking after the baking, and there is no doubt her clothes were pushed against the bars by the crinolene petticoat she was wearing. She was twenty-one years old, and had been married but a short time. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Sunday morning, a destructive fire broke out in the Church of St. Augustine Friars, Broad-street. The discovery was made by a gentleman, who observed the smoke issuing through the walls in No. 4, Crown-court, Broad-street, and instantly sent for the firemen in Jeffery-square. On the arrival, after cutting away the wall of the house, they could not discover the cause, although they remained on the premises. Shortly before three o'clock the flames broke out with great fury in the roof of the church, where the two powerful land steam-engines of Shand and Mason arrived, followed by the other engines of the brigade; but, in spite of every effort, the roof was entirely destroyed, and the blazing timbers falling caused great damage to the woodwork, pews, and internal fittings. The priory was founded A.D. 1253, by Humphrey de Bohun, ninth Earl of Hereford and Essex. The interior was divided into a nave and aisles by eight pillars; the arches were lofty and were of elegant form, which prevailed in the period when the church was built. Recently the church has been under extensive repairs, with a view to a thorough renovation. The fire is supposed to have been caused by some plumbers working in the roof, who unintentionally left ashes smouldering, which had communicated with the timber of the roof.

On Tuesday morning three fires occurred in various parts of the metropolis, and unfortunately one was attended with loss of life. One fire happened on the premises of Mr. O. J. Freak, builder, Onslow-square, Brom-ton. The flames commenced in a long timber building, 150 feet long, used as machine workshops, and was occasioned by the heat of the fireplaces. In due time several engines arrived, and the firemen succeeded in saving the whole of the remaining portions of the extensive property; but the building in which the disaster commenced was about one third destroyed. The building and the contents were insured. A fire took place some time previously at No. 15, Edward-place, Seymour-street, let out to several families. The flames commenced in the back room ground-floor. Owing to the exertions of the inmates and strangers, the flames were extinguished, after which the engines arrived, and then a most distressing scene presented itself, for an unfortunate aged female, who had passed her sixtieth year, was found burned in a most fearful manner. Medical aid was obtained, but life was quite extinct. Another fire happened about two hours previously, on the premises of Mr. E. Dittell (private), No. 118, Howard-road, Stoke Newington. Several engines attended, but the fire was not extinguished until the lower part of the premises were burned out, and the upper part severely damaged. The cause of the fire is unknown. Insured.

A somewhat singular accident occurred on Monday at a pit at Deepfields, near Wolverhampton. A man named Butler had, while assisting the backmen, driven the wagon or covering over the mouth of the pit, in order to land the skip or vehicle in which the minerals are drawn up. He, however, failed to "ketch" the wagon, which would prevent its movement from the position in which it was placed. The skip was landed, and the man, standing on the wagon, was endeavouring, with the aid of a man in front, to push it off into the line of rails. While doing this, the unsecured wagon ran back, and the poor fellow, still retaining his hold of the skip, was precipitated with the latter to the bottom of a shaft some yards in depth. He lay with a broken and was, of course, perfectly lifeless, and in a very minute space.

On Tuesday morning an inquiry was held by Mr. H. Raffles Waltham, the deputy coroner, at the Lord Trevelyan Tavern, Dalston, respecting the death of Frederick Hepburn, aged fourteen years, who was killed in a very shocking manner, while cleaning a window from the outside ledge. It appeared from the evidence that deceased and another boy were in the employ of Dr. Williamson, of Midway-street, Midway Park, and were recently engaged cleaning the landing window, deceased standing for that purpose outside on the ledge. The other boy kept cautioning him not to fall, and it appeared, made him so nervous, that he got ped off, and the back of his skull fell on the iron spikes of the railings, fourteen feet below. The iron entered the skull, and the brain protruded, but singular to say he was sensible enough to give two long accounts of the accident. He was removed to the Victoria Hospital, where he died. A verdict that deceased was killed by falling on the spikes while cleaning windows was returned.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

La France, in an article upon the attitude of England with respect to Greece, and on the proposal to elect Prince Alfred to the throne of that country, draws attention to the gravity of the situation and says:—

"The great Western Powers have common interests in the East which ought to unite and not to divide them. It is evident that if one of the Powers desired to obtain a preponderance to the prejudice of the others, the equilibrium of their relations would be disturbed, and a shock be given to the principles on which their good understanding rests."

A Paris letter has the following:—

"In the Mexican expedition the Government is drifting it knows not where. Of course no one doubts the power of France, if she puts out her power, to conquer Mexico. But General Forey's success is yet a very fair subject for doubt. The war has been undertaken surreptitiously, on false pretences, without the country knowing clearly why or wherefore, and consequently without sufficient means for such a vast undertaking. I have just heard a curious anecdote on this subject, the truth of which I guarantee. An eminent writer was lately asked to go out to Mexico at the expense of Government, to record the deeds of General Forey. Previous to his departure a friend in office thought it desirable to introduce him to an eminent duke. The visitors were received by the duke's secretary, who told them for heaven's sake not to talk to him about Mexico, for neither he nor any one else in the Emperor's confidence knew the rights of that unfortunate affair, and the duke could not bear to hear it mentioned. The Government had been plunged into a false position, and was now going on from *amis* *propre*, but without any definite object. While the secretary was speaking the duke appeared, and, saluting the writer very courteously, recommended him to be careful to send home no bad news, in order not to alarm public opinion. When the interview was over, the writer in question began to think that he was about to be sent on a dirty business, and, on reflection, he declined the mission."

The desire shown by the Greeks to elect Prince Alfred for their future sovereign is the leading topic in all the continental journals. *The Independence* goes so far as to assert that the French Cabinet has demanded explanations and a disavowal, and that the question will be considered at a Cabinet council in London at the beginning of this week. So much importance is attached, it is said, to the reply, that M. Drouyn de L'Huys will go expressly from Compiegne to Paris to receive it from Lord Cowley.

The Nord is greatly disturbed at the appearance of affairs. "Public opinion," it says, "cannot reconcile the manoeuvres of the English agents in favour of Prince Alfred, supported by a great display of maritime forces, with the disavowals proceeding from London. It understands still less how Greeks, who know by experience what English policy is in the Levant, can let themselves be carried away by the dream of an annexation of the Ionian Islands, when it is very evident that what England aims at is an indirect annexation of the continent to these islands."

Among the persons invited to spend the week at Compiegne English society is represented by Lord and Lady Castlerosse, Lady Florence Paget, Lord and Lady Wichester, and Mr. and Lady Catherine Coke. Literature numbers but one representative—M. Silvestre de Sacy, at one time editor of the *Journal des Debats*, where he no longer presides, but still retains great influence. M. Octave Feuillet is also among the guests; the remainder of the company offers no name of note out of the official world.

PRUSSIA.

The following is the reply of the King to an address expressing attachment from several districts of Prussian Saxony. His Majesty says:—

"I shall continue to maintain the re-organization of the military force. I have been misrepresented in many quarters, and my words have been misunderstood. I have sworn to uphold the constitution received from my brother, his late Majesty; and I shall conscientiously keep my oath in the sense expressed in my programme of November, 1858. But it is also requisite to govern constitutionally so as to promote the welfare of the country. The Sovereign alone can do this in Prussia. The representatives of the people should assist him by constitutional co-operation in legislation, and not further obstruct his government."

GREECE.

It is asserted that the English minister has consulted his Government with respect to the demonstrations taking place in favour of Prince Alfred. The English Government is stated to have replied that the ambassador should in no way endeavour to influence the election.

The great probability of the election of Prince Alfred to the throne has caused some excitement among the foreign ministers. The English minister has declared that he will in no way influence the election to the throne, and that Greece is perfectly free to make her own choice. It is considered certain that Prince Alfred will be elected. The elections to the National Assembly were to commence upon the 6th and terminate upon the 10th of December.

ROME.

A French court-martial at Rome has just condemned two Roman peasants to death for the murder of a soldier, named Bruneau, of the 19th Regiment. The soldier, with two of his comrades, was caught in the fact of stealing grapes, in a vineyard at Vit-rbo—a very favourite pastime as it seems with the French garrison there. The owners of the vineyard, who bear the formidable names Saturnio Terribili and Valentino Terribili, were watching their property with a loaded gun, and it was proved that one of them did shoot the French soldier, in a very cold-blooded manner. After the murder the culprits took refuge in Cardinal Redini's carriage, and were conveyed by him to a sanctuary in which the Roman Government pretended their persons were inviolable. The French commander-in-chief, however, intimated to Cardinal Antonelli that he should recognise none of this medieval nonsense in a case where French subjects were concerned. The Terribilis were dragged from the sanctuary and brought before a court-martial. The Capuchin monks made great efforts to suppress the evidence in the case, but the French military authorities got quite enough to satisfy the court-martial. The men are condemned to death, and the sentence will, doubtless, be executed. The officer acting as judge-advocate pressed for an example, as he said the prisoners were actuated by hatred to the French army, and not by a desire to protect the grapes. What a singular jurisdiction is that of the French court-martial in this case! The eldest son of the Church—who protects the temporal power—cannot trust the Pope to do justice upon his own subjects for vulgar crimes, but tries Roman citizens by court-martial, as if the French army were in an enemy's country.

THE WAR IN AMERICA—GENERAL MCLELLAN SUPERSEDED.

General McClellan has been superseded by General Burnside. No official explanation is given, but among the Republican newspapers military reasons are assigned for the change, and, as a part of the history, a letter from General Halleck to Secretary Stanton, from which the following is an extract, has been published.

On several occasions General McClellan has telegraphed to

me that his army was deficient in certain supplies. All these telegrams were immediately referred to the head of bureaus, with orders to report. It was ascertained that in every instance the requisitions had been immediately filled, except one, where the quartermaster-general had been obliged to send from Philadelphia certain articles of clothing, tents, &c., not having a full supply here. There has not been, so far as I could ascertain, any neglect or delay in any department or bureau in issuing all supplies asked for by General McClellan or by the officers of his staff. Delays have occasionally occurred in forwarding supplies by rail on account of the crowded condition of the depots or of a want of cars; but, whenever notified of this, agents have been sent out to remove the difficulty. Under the excellent superintendence of General Haupt I think these delays have been less frequent or of shorter duration than is usual with freight trains. An army of the size of that under General McClellan will frequently be for some days without the supplies asked for on account of neglect in making timely requisitions and unavoidable delays in forwarding them and in distributing them to the different brigades and regiments. From all the information I can obtain, I am of opinion that the requisitions from that army have been filled more promptly, and that the men, as a general rule, have been better supplied, than our armies operating in the West. The latter have operated at much greater distances from the sources of supply, and have had far less facilities of transportation. In fine, I believe that no armies in the world, while in campaign, have been more promptly or better supplied than ours. Soon after the battle of Antietam, General McClellan was urged to give me information of his intended movements, in order that, if he moved between the enemy and Washington, reinforcements could be sent from this place. On the 1st of October, finding that he purposed to operate from Harper's Ferry, I urged him to cross the river at once and give battle to the enemy, pointing out to him the disadvantages of delaying till the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac and impaired the roads. On the 6th of October he was peremptorily ordered to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him South. Your army must move now while the roads are good. It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since this order was given. In my opinion there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General McClellan as to prevent his compliances with the orders to advance against the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north."

A despatch of the 10th from the head-quarters says:—

"General McClellan was to have left yesterday for the North, but the transferring of a command like this could not be accomplished in a day, and he was therefore compelled to remain. At nine o'clock last evening, all the officers belonging to head-quarters assembled at the general's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by General McClellan—"The Army of the Potomac." General McClellan and staff, accompanied by General Burnside, today bade farewell to this army, visiting in succession several army corps. As the general rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while thousands of soldiers gave vent in continuous rounds of cheers and applause to their feelings. The general and staff will leave by special train to-morrow for the North."

The following order was issued by General Burnside on taking command of the army:—

"In accordance with General Orders No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, ensure its success. Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feeling of respect and esteem for General McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command. To the Ninth Army Corps, so long and intimately associated with me I need say nothing. Our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control, with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail."

"A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General Commanding."

A Washington letter of the 11th says:—

"Major-General McClellan and personal staff left Warrenton at eleven o'clock to-day. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The troops, which had been drawn up in line, afterwards broke their ranks, when the soldiers crowded around him, and many eagerly called for a few parting words. He said in response, while on the platform of the railway depot,—"I wish you to stand by General Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good bye." To this was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response. The troops were also drawn up in line at Bristow Station and Manassas Junction, where salutes were fired, and where McClellan was complimented with enthusiastic cheers. The party arrived here this afternoon just in time to take the five o'clock train for Trenton. The cars being detained owing to some impediment on the track, General McClellan was recognised by the many soldiers quartered in that vicinity, when he was greeted with oft-repeated cheers. The following farewell order was read to the troops composing the army of the Potomac, yesterday morning on dress parade:—

"Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac, camp near Reestown, Virginia, Nov. 7.

"Officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac,—An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting with you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved—our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled, the strongest associations which can exist among men, unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the constitution of our country and the nationality of its people."

"G. B. MCLELLAN, Major-General, U. S. Army."

General McClellan arrived at Baltimore on the evening of the 11th, on his way to Philadelphia, whence he was to proceed to Trenton, New Jersey. At the last-named town great preparations were being made to receive him.

The following letter describes the excitement in the army and in Washington caused by this event:—

"Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac, Warrenton, Nov. 9.

"The removal of General McClellan from the command of the army has occasioned the wildest excitement. Officers and men unite in denouncing the order as an outrage upon the army, and, while they express no objection to General Burnside as an officer, they protest against the measure most earnestly. Many have prepared their resignations, and distinguished officers of rank assert they will no longer serve in the army if the order be not rescinded. General McClellan received the announcement of his removal with perfect equanimity. He has not been heard to utter a word of complaint, nor has he made any allusion to the subject in the presence of his staff, other than to mention the surprise occasioned by the reception of the despatch. It was equally unexpected by General Burnside, who at first positively declined to accept the position."

General News.

Provincial News.

A New York letter says:—

"General Burnside, who has been nominated, some say temporarily, others permanently, to the command, is in his fortieth year, a soldier by education, and one of the most popular commanders whom the war has produced. He is not prominent as a politician. He has twice before declined the appointment, basing his refusal mainly on the far superior fitness of McClellan, and partially on personal motives of private friendship for that general. Unless he shall gain a speedy victory, which is so unlikely as to be all but impossible, he, too, will have to go into winter quarters, and suffer week by week, and day by day, a dripping of the little rain-drops of disaffection on the rock of his popularity, which will wear it away before the spring. But if, contrary to expectation, he should attack and conquer,—or should he, by force of uncontrollable circumstances, of which the early winter is not the least, be prevented from striking a blow,—the result or non-result will be equally conducive to the aggrandizement of McClellan, who is the real hero of the hour. The complaint against McClellan was that he was slow and inactive. But at the time when he was superseded his army was in motion, as he had actually gained a succession of small victories; so that if Burnside win a large battle, McClellan's friends will assert that he prepared the way for it, and that he also would have triumphed, and perhaps more splendidly, if the President had not dismissed him at the critical moment when his plans were ripening into maturity. If, on the other hand, Burnside fight and be defeated, or if the enemy escape his pursuit, the friends of McClellan will be equally ready with the reminder that if their favourite had been left in command the result would have been different,—that Richmond would have been taken, and the 'backbone' of the rebellion broken." Thus, in either case, the Democratic party will turn fortune to the advantage of their candidate, and the President, as well as Secretaries Chase and Stanton, and all the other great and little people who aspire to the perilous honours of the chief magistracy, will have the mortification of reflecting that they have made the man whom they attempted to unmake, and weaken their own chances in attempting to ruin those of their rival.

"General Burnside is, of course, quite aware of the danger in which the army is placed by the sudden removal of its commander. The Confederates are not likely to miss the opportunity of striking a blow, if the weather and the state of the roads and rivers will allow, and should he be induced by the clamour of the 'On to Richmond' fanatics to follow the retreating army of General Lee towards Gordonsville—which it is Lee's evident intention he should do—General 'Stonewall' Jackson and General Stuart may appear before Washington, and again alarm the country for the safety of the capital and the person of the President. Such a *hocus-vapour* as the simultaneous occupation of Richmond by the Federals, and of Washington by the Confederates, would be an amusing incident in this dreary war, and might incline men's minds to ideas of pacification by the sheer force of its absurdity."

THE REMOVAL OF GENERAL McCLELLAN.

[From the New York Times of Nov. 10.]

As a politician, General McClellan's sympathies, previous to the rebellion, had always been with the South. He has believed them wronged by Northern sentiment and by Northern action. And, beyond all question, he has hoped and believed that a time would come when the war could be arrested, and when the Southern leaders, backed by a powerful party in the Northern States, would listen to the terms of accommodation, and that nothing would stand in the way of such a compromise more than a victory which should wound their pride by humiliating their arms and crushing their power. In this view of the case, General McClellan has been encouraged by the political partisans who, at an early stage in the war, made him their prospective candidate for the Presidency, and came thus to have an interest in putting him in opposition to the Administration which he professed to serve. They defended his errors, and made themselves the special champions of his worst mistake. They had unquestionable provocation and some excuse for much of this in the intemperate zeal with which he was assailed; but they betrayed him into an undue reliance on the support of a party, and a ruinous subservience to their wishes and views. We know not how else to account for the steady and systematic disregard he has shown of the wishes and orders of the Government, and for his adherence to a deliberate and methodical inactivity, which has brought the cause of the Union to the very verge of ruin.

Unless we have been misinformed, President Lincoln has on two occasions written to General McClellan, reviewing in detail his military operations, and demonstrating his failures to respond to the wishes and just expectations of the Government. One of these papers was prepared just after McClellan had landed on the Peninsula, the other after the battle of Antietam; and we have heard both spoken of as masterpieces of military criticism. It is a melancholy satisfaction to learn that the President of the United States, who is the commander-in-chief of all its armies and who is responsible, before God and the country for the behaviour of all its generals, did not keep General McClellan in command of the army of the Potomac from any confidence in his capacity or his fitness for the place. Why he did retain him so long after he had satisfied himself that he ought to be removed, it might be curious, though it would be useless, to speculate. We trust that the first act of Congress, when it meets next month, will be to call for all the correspondence, and all the documents of every kind, which can throw light upon the extraordinary campaigns of this unfortunate commander. General Burnside has been three times offered the command of the army of the Potomac. He declined it twice, partly from a strong feeling of personal affection for General McClellan, and partly from thorough confidence in his military capacity, and his devotion to the Union cause. This confidence, we suspect, was somewhat shaken during and after the battle of Antietam; while the treatment he has since received for having remonstrated against the general's causeless suspension of the fight, has probably released him from the personal obligations on which he was previously inclined to lay such controlling stress. He has shown thus far during the war great military ability, and a thorough, unqualified, unquestionable devotion to the cause he serves. What he will be able to accomplish remains to be seen. It is now certain that, in consequence of the extraordinary delay in the movements of our army, the rebels have completely eluded them, and are now beyond their reach. The autumnal rains have commenced; the rivers and small streams of Virginia are no longer fordable; the roads are becoming muddy and impracticable; and all rapid and effective movement is nearly impossible. If it was any part of General McClellan's purpose to prevent a decisive battle with the rebel army, he was probably left in command just long enough to accomplish his object.

MELANCHOLY DEATH AT SEA.—The English galliot William Alice, who has arrived at Rouen with a cargo of cast iron, lost her captain at sea. The vessel was off Fecamp, when the captain was struck by the yard of the mainsail and thrown overboard. It was in vain that every effort was made to save him by throwing ropes. The vessel had gone ahead, and the darkness of the night rendered it quite impossible to assist him. Two agonizing shrieks were heard, and all was silent. The unfortunate captain was only twenty-three years of age. His wife was on board, and her sufferings cannot easily be described.

It is said that there is a probability that the King of the Belgians may pass the winter months in the south of the Isle of Wight.

The Roman correspondent of the *Times* says:—"No news of the Queen of Naples. The King is much afflicted at her obstinacy. The Pope constantly complains of it. He says, 'Poor prince! As a child he lost his mother, as a young man his kingdom and his admirable father, as a husband his wife.'"

A letter from Pisa, in the *Opinione* of Turin, states that on the 13th a crowd was attracted to the spot where General Garibaldi had landed, which had been decorated during the night by an unknown hand with a marble slab bearing the following inscription:—"The boat conveying the hero Joseph Garibaldi, wounded at Aspromonte, touched at this landing-place on the 8th November, 1852."

A man named Joseph Willmore, the conductor of the omnibus which plies between the Bell Hotel, Leicester, and the Leicester Station, has just become possessed of a fortune of 10,000*l*.

Her Majesty has commissioned Mrs. Thornycroft to make a bust of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark; and her royal highness is giving, daily, the necessary sittings for the model.

A whole family in York of the name of Cooke have had three narrow escapes from death by poison. Having all been taken alarmingly ill after their ordinary meals, an analysis of the food took place, and arsenic and tartarised antimony were discovered in large quantities mixed with the salt and flour that had been used. The case is involved in the greatest mystery. It is supposed that the mixture of the poison with the salt and flour has been the work of some one who designed the death of those who partook of it, but there is nevertheless an absence of all ground of suspicion against any particular individual. The domestic servants in the house appear to have suffered in a similar manner to the family.

Henry Beaumont Coles, Esq. M.P. for Andover, died suddenly, at his house in Portman-square, on Sunday morning. He had been in delicate health; but the near approach of his death was not suspected. The hon. gentleman was in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The appointment of sergeant surgeon to her Majesty the Queen, has fallen upon Mr. C. Hawkins.

We understand that Dr. Eliott, Dean of Exeter, will succeed Dr. Thomson as Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Dr. Eliott was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was Bell's university scholar in 1831. He graduated in 1841, when he was seventeenth senior optime in the mathematical tripos, and second in the second class of the classical tripos. He was first member's prizeman and Hulsean prizeman in 1843. Having received deacon's and priest's orders from the Bishop of Ely, he was presented by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in 1848, to the rectory of Pilton, Rutland, and succeeded Dr. Trench, Dean of Westminster, in the Professorship of Divinity in King's College, London. On the death of Dr. Lowe, a few months ago, he was nominated by Lord Palmerston to the deanery of Exeter, and with that office he holds the Principalship of the Exeter Diocesan Training College, which he was mainly instrumental in founding. The bishop-nominate is the author of "A Treatise on Analytical Statistics," "The Obligations of the Sabbath" (Hulsean prize essay), with Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on the Galatians, the Ephesians, and the Pastoral Epistles.

A NUMBER of Greeks resident at Paris have, it appears, issued an address to the future constituent assembly at Athens protesting against the candidature of an English prince, earnestly contending that such a step would press more heavily even than now the Ottoman yoke upon the Christians of the East.

THE MARQUIS of Westminster on Monday laid the foundation stone of a new hospital, which is about to be built near the Park entrance, Birkenhead, at a cost of about 5,000*l*.

THE Lord Mayor has issued a handbill in Southampton, stating that his canvass has been so successful that he is determined to go to the poll, and that he expects to be returned by a triumphant majority.

THE church of Saint Elizabeth, in the Rue du Temple, Paris, was crowded on Monday to witness the marriage of a young Chinaman with a Paris girl.

THE *New York Times*, of Nov. 11, says:—"The disposition to be made of the enfranchised slaves of the South will be one of the chief subjects of investigation and decision at the coming session of Congress. Universal emancipation is to be received as an accomplished fact after the 1st of January. After that day it will be claimed of the seceded States (and soon of all the States), as it is claimed of England, that 'a slave cannot breathe on its soil.' And such will be our national faith and policy for ever. But what settlement shall be made of the ignorant and penniless millions that are so soon to be ushered upon freedom? Deportation and colonization in foreign countries is simply absurd. It is the wildest and most impossible of schemes. In the South the blacks must have their homes. But in what parts of the South—under what political system—in what relation to the whites, and in what relation to the State and National Governments? These are problems difficult to solve, and yet unspeakably important in their solution to the happiness of all the millions of both races. The next session of Congress will inaugurate the debates on these great social and political questions; but it is hardly probable that the 4th of March, when the existence of Congress closes, will find the problems solved, and the policy of the Government settled permanently and to the satisfaction of all."

VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR WILLIAM PAGE WOOD gave a decision in his court, on Monday, of some importance to the navigation of the Thames. The conservators of the river, acting on the powers entrusted to them, are about to erect large piers for the accommodation of passengers by the river steamers in the neighbourhood of London-bridge. These piers are opposed by the wharfingers and others having property in the neighbourhood; and an injunction to restrain them from proceeding was applied for by the Fishmongers' Company. The Vice-Chancellor refused to grant the injunction, but without costs, as he believed the applicants had received some damage from the new piers.

A somewhat exciting encounter between a woman and a couple of burglars took place in the garden of a house in Summer-street, Birmingham, early on the morning of Saturday. It appears that Mrs. Bellamy, who lives at No. 16 in the above street, retired to rest somewhat early on Friday night, and that at about one o'clock on Saturday morning she was awakened by hearing footsteps in the garden in front of her house. She at once got up, and taking with her a loaded pistol, went to the window, which she threw open. Seeing two men huddled together near an arbour in her next door neighbour's garden, she asked them what they wanted. No answer was returned; and judging they were there for no good purpose, she at once fired her pistol at them, without, however, doing them any injury. The pair immediately took to their heels, ran rapidly across the garden, made for the road, and were lost to sight. Police-constable Withy, being on duty near, and hearing the report of a pistol, hastened to the spot, and, learning what had happened, searched around the garden. The result was the finding of a mask and a gilet, which had evidently been dropped by the two men. All traces of the men themselves were, however, lost. The premises were again examined by daylight by Mr. Layton, the owner of the house, when a razor was found. Either the same men or others, it seems, made several unsuccessful attempts at burglary in the neighbourhood that same night.

OXFORDSHIRE.—GAROTTING IN THE PROVINCES.—The infamous system of garrotting has, we are sorry to find, found its way into the country, and it is much to be feared that, unless the police are very vigilant, many of these atrocities will be committed during the coming winter. It appears that an attempt at garrotting occurred recently. Shortly after six o'clock Mr. H. Usher, of Boddicote, was returning home from Banbury, and when nearly opposite the first milestone he was accosted by a man who solicited alms. On being refused he followed Mr. Usher, cursing him both "loud and deep." Mr. Usher continued on his way; but, fearing an assault, drew his pocket-knife and opened it. Scarcely had he done so when he was attacked by a man who sprang from the hedge and attempted to throttle him. A short struggle ensued; Mr. Usher succeeded in inflicting a wound in the scoundrel's right shoulder, and in knocking him backwards by a tremendous blow with his fist. The fellow screamed out to his "pal," using a frightful oath, "Jim, he has knifed me." Mr. Usher, not knowing whether there were any more of the vagabonds in the neighbourhood, deemed it prudent to make off as quickly as possible.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—A MAD RAILWAY RIDE.—The guard on duty at the Donington Station on Saturday night last was astonished to see a man on horseback trot along the line by the platform. The officer directed him to the highway, and allowed him to depart without giving his name or address. On examination of the line it was found that the horseman had broken open a gate and so got on the line, that he had traversed it when the goods train passed, that he had been within a foot of going over a bridge nearly thirty feet high, and in one place had been down a steep embankment, where his horse had been struggling violently. This adventurous foraker of the road for the rail has been discovered in the person of a farmer, who will hear more of his trip.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

YORKSHIRE.—DARING BURGLARY AND OFFICE BREAKING IN LEEDS.—One of the cleverest and most extensive robberies which has occurred in Leeds for many years was accomplished at the offices of the Aire and Calder Navigation Company, on Friday night week, or early on Saturday morning. On the Friday night both the house and the offices were properly secured, and although no noise was heard during the night, next morning it was discovered that they had been entered, and a sum of £830 abstracted from a large safe in the office. It is believed that one of the thieves had entered unobserved during the day, or in the dusk of the evening, and had hidden himself in a closet near the door. Having broken a pane of glass in the window which supplied the closet with light, he was enabled to reach another room, the door of which he forced open with a poker. He thus gained access to one of the windows which look towards Mr. Lupton's warehouse, and opening this, without any difficulty admitted his confederates. It was the ordinary custom of the office that in the evening all the money was taken from the several cash-boxes and placed for greater security into a large safe, the keys being removed to the drawing-room of Mr. Hodgson. With an amount of daring scarcely credible, the thieves made their way into this room, obtained possession of the keys, returned to the offices, and then without difficulty were enabled to open the safe. Their courage had been stimulated by a couple of bottles of sherry, which they found in one of the closets, and there being no probability of disturbance they proceeded deliberately to examine the contents of the safe. The amount of money collected there was nearly £1,000, and for some reason almost inexplicable they left behind about £130. Notwithstanding this act of self-denial, they secured a valuable booty, consisting of a £50 Bank of England note, six £20 Bank of England notes, fifty-four £5 notes of Leeds banks, fifty notes of the same value of country banks, gold and silver to the amount of £140, making altogether £830.

INSECURITY OF LIFE AND PROPERTY IN THE METROPOLIS.

On Saturday, at the sitting of the Marylebone Representative Council, held at the Court-house, Mr. Peter Matthews, churchwarden, in the chair, Mr. W. E. Greenwell, the vestry clerk, read a communication from the vestry of Paddington, together with the copy of a memorial that body had adopted to the Home Secretary upon the subject of the alarm in the public mind, arising from the numerous street robberies, with violence, which have recently taken place in the metropolis, and soliciting the co-operation of the authorities of Marylebone on the subject. Mr. Freeth considered the parish of Paddington had done themselves great honour in originating this movement, and he thought it was incumbent on that board, as a body elected by the ratepayers, to support it, as being a step for the protection of their own lives and property, as well as of those they represented. (Hear, hear.) Some steps ought to be taken promptly by the Government to stop the fearful outrages that were going on night after night in the metropolis. The other day a lady in St. John's-wood had occasion to send her servant for the police, and it took two hours and a-half to find one, and then she had to go to a police-station some distance off. It then transpired that there were no policemen on duty in St. John's-wood district. The consequence was, so bad was the state of things, that people there were much exposed to danger of being garrotted in broad daylight as well as at night. A very daring attempt was made upon himself (Mr. Freeth), as he was actually leaving a cab to enter his own house, as early as six o'clock, a few evenings ago. The fact was that the metropolis was infested with returned ticket-of-leave men, robbers, and garotters, and none more so than St. John's-wood, and similarly situated outskirt districts. He had recently travelled through some of the principal capitals of Europe, and could safely say that in no capital was there less protection, or so little care for life and property, as in London. Sir Richard Mayne had signally failed to do his duty in this respect, and he therefore considered, as representing one of the largest and heaviest taxed districts for police, they were in duty bound to go to the Home Secretary and demand proper protection from the returned convict, the garotter, and the assassin. Mr. Overton said several applications had been made to Government for police returns as to the number of men employed, but they refused to furnish them. Ultimately the memorial was adopted unanimously, and signed by the chairman on behalf of the board.

MRS. PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Harper's *Magazine* says:—"Mrs. Lincoln ranks as one of the first ladies in the land, and is the temporary mistress of the Presidential mansion at Washington, at which city the President's wife largely leads the fashionable world. Mrs. Lincoln is a native of Kentucky. Her maiden name was Todd. She has a large number of brothers and sisters, who, like so many other families, have been divided in their allegiance by the war. Two of her brothers entered the rebel army, and one was lately killed at a battle in the south-west. One of these two was for some time employed at Richmond as gaoler of the Union prisoners. His brutality and cruelty were such, however, that Jeff. Davis finally removed him from the post, and sent him to join his regiment. Another brother is in the employ of the United States Government in one of the north-west territories. Mrs. Lincoln's sisters are understood to sympathise rather with the rebels than with the Government. It is probably this division of sentiment which has given rise to the gossip and scandal respecting the views of the lady who presides over the White House."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ITALY—SKETCHES IN ROME AND POMPEII.



ANTEFIXE.—(TERRA-COTTA).—CAMPANA MUSEUM.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ITALY.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Prince and Princess William of Prussia, during their tour in the classic land of Italy, spent a considerable time in the exhumed city of Pompeii, of which three interesting views appear in our present number. This reconstituted city, of which about one-fourth part is now laid open to public view, is of a somewhat oval form, half a mile in breadth and three-quarters of a mile in length, covering an area of 160 acres. It was originally close to the sea, but it is now nearly one and a half miles inland, and is about five miles from Vesuvius, and fifteen miles from Naples. In A.D. 63 it was visited by an earthquake, which occasioned great devastation, and it was whilst undergoing restoration that it was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius. From this time forward, for about 1,663 years, Pompeii has continued buried under the ashes, pumice-stone, and other volcanic matter, since which excavations have been constantly going on. The royal party, after leaving Naples, journeyed to Rome and during their sojourn visited everything worthy of being seen; among others, the collection of art-treasures in the museum of the Marquis Campana. This museum is celebrated for its accumulation of statues, bronzes, medals, jewellery, engraved stones, cameo rings, glass vessels, terra cottas, and many specimens of Greek and Roman workmanship of the rarest and most costly description. A

collection so valuable reflects the highest honour on the learning and industry of their collector, the Marquis Campana, the descendant of an ancient family of distinction. For twenty-six years he held the office of director of the Monte di Pietà, the great public pawnbroking establishment at Rome. This post, which has been held by the marquis since 1833, descended to him from his father. During these years this distinguished nobleman has collected the choicest art-treasures from the tombs, temples, and ruins of Rome, as well as from the cities of Latium, Etruria, and Greece.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

As the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected to be celebrated early in the coming year, and as so much inconvenience was experienced by the very confined space which the Chapel Royal at St. James's afforded at former royal marriages, both to the royal family and the distinguished persons present on those occasions, would not her Majesty's Chapel Royal at Whitehall (the well-known building by Inigo Jones) be a much more convenient place for celebrating on a magnificent scale so important an event as the marriage of the heir to the throne of these realms? The Chapel Royal at Whitehall is 112 feet long, fifty-six feet wide, and nearly sixty feet in height. The ceiling is decorated with paintings by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, put up in the year 1629. Ample room would here be afforded for the persons present, and a spacious avenue down the middle aisle for the procession, &c. The galleries run round three sides of the chapel, and other galleries might be erected for the occasion of the marriage ceremonies. There is abundant room at the back of the chapel, in Whitehall-gardens, for erecting temporary reception and retiring rooms for the royal family and other noble personages; and a communication might be made from these rooms into the chapel at the northern end of the building, on a level with the floor of the chapel, which is about twelve feet above the level of the street. There is also a fine wide road, for the carriages to pass to the court-yard at the back of the chapel, by the Duke of Buccleuch's and Sir Robert Peel's residences, to set the company down at the reception rooms. It is to be hoped the day will be made a holiday in every sense of the word, and that some amusements will be provided for the multitude. Money occasionally so spent is well spent.—*Builder*.

A MARINE STOLEN BY THE CHINESE.

A COURT-MARTIAL assembled on board the flag ship Victory, at Portsmouth, on Saturday, to try James Kent, a private soldier of the Royal Marines, for having deserted from her Majesty's gunboat Janus, while off Shanghai, Feb. 28, 1861. It appeared from the evidence of various witnesses, that on or about the 20th of February, the commander of the Janus granted prisoner leave to go on shore. He never returned. The Janus remained off Shanghai for two months, giving absentees an ample opportunity of returning. The prisoner's re-capture was very singular. When the allies captured the city of Ting-poo prisoner was about to be thrown over the city walls by the Chinese and shot by the French, when he made the latter understand that he was an Englishman. In his defence prisoner stated that he was on shore on forty-eight hours' leave and became intoxicated. On regaining his senses, he found himself on board a Chinese rebel junk, under hatches, and about thirty miles up the river. The Chinese wanted him to fight for them, but he refused, and they threatened to kill him. He was taken before a mandarin, who ordered a band to be placed around him, next his skin, and that he be chained to a wall, in which position he remained for fifteen months, except when he was marched round the town. He was used most cruelly because he would not fight for the rebels. Three attempts to escape proved unsuccessful. When the allied troops attacked the city a breach was made in the walls, and when in great peril he made himself known to some European soldiers. He was taken on board an English ship and brought



BACCHANAL.—(TERRA-COTTA).—CAMPANA MUSEUM.

home. He asked the court to consider the features of the case, assuring them that he never intended to desert, but used every endeavour to return to his ship. The court found the charge of desertion not proven, but were of opinion that prisoner had been absent without leave, for which offence he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour, in Winchester Gaol, and to forfeit two days' pay.

THE EPISCOPAL CHANGES.—The Most Rev. Dr. Longley, Archbishop Elect of Canterbury, will, it is understood, shortly take formal possession of his diocese, when the ceremony of enthronement will take place at Canterbury Cathedral, in the presence probably of several bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Southern Province. The archbishopric of York will then be declared vacant, and Dr. Thomson, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will be gazetted to the Northern primacy. The new archbishops will take their seats in the House of Lords on the re-assembling of parliament, and the new Bishop of Gloucester will for the present be without a seat under the Manchester Bishops Act.



INTERIOR OF THE CAMPANA MUSEUM.

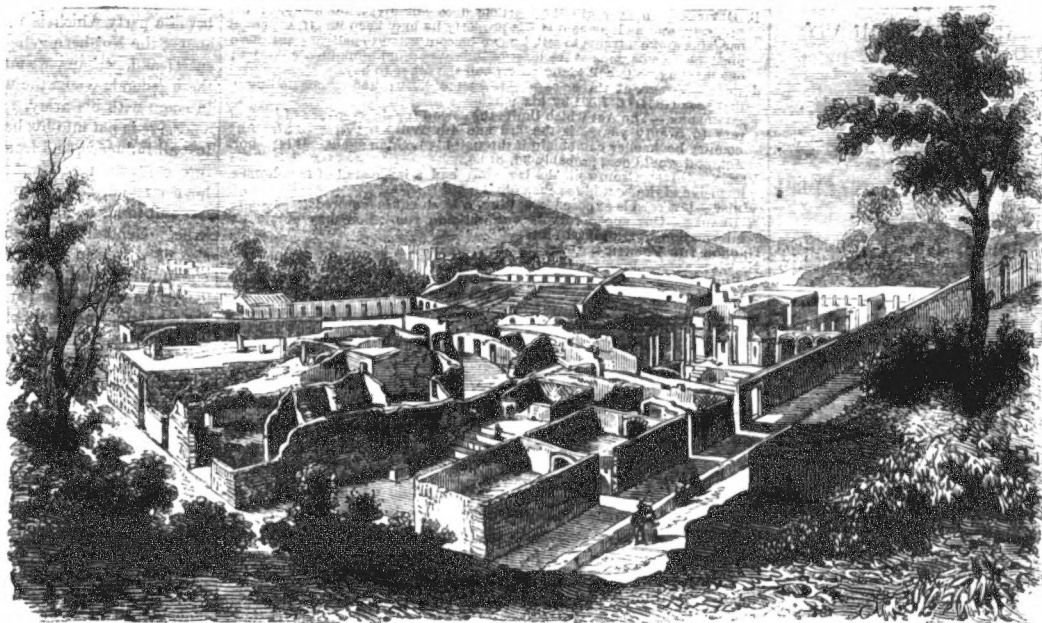
LIFE AND DEATH IN ST. GILES'S

On Monday, Dr. Lankester held inquiries at the Rose and Crown Tavern, King-street, St. Giles's, respecting the deaths of two women, denizens of that locality, and in the course of the proceedings some curious facts were elicited with reference to the criminal classes which infest the neighbourhood of Drury-lane. The first case was that of Georgiana Savage, aged seventy-one, who had been for several years well known in Oxford-street and Holborn as a beggar of the most miserable and pertinacious type. Dr. Bennett, medical officer of St. Giles's workhouse, said she was well known at that institution, as it had been her habit for years to apply, when reduced to the last state of starvation, for one night's lodging and refreshment. Nothing, however, could induce her to remain in the house for a day, because by doing so she would relinquish her chance of getting gin to drink, for which she was willing to undergo any extremity. She had been, perhaps, to all the workhouses in the metropolis, but had never remained in one for twenty-four hours. She passed her time in the streets, importunately begging, that she might get drunk. She was recently brought to the workhouse in a state of the most shocking emaciation. The bones were almost protruding from her skin, and her feet were swollen from cold and disease. She was huddled up in rags, filthy and repulsive beyond description. She died from apoplexy, resulting from excessive drink. The next case was that of a woman who was found insensible in a doorway of a house in Barley-court, Drury-lane, by an unfortunate named Maily. According to her own statement before she died, she got her living at night in Oxford-street. She died as she was being placed in a chair to be taken to the workhouse. The jury having made some inquiries respecting Barley-court, a police-constable of experience said that a place of worse character did not exist in the metropolis. To say that whoever ventured into it would be robbed was to say nothing. People were not only robbed there, but stripped of their clothing. To say that three or four persons were stripped there every week was to say less than the reality. Dr. Bennett said that recently it came to his knowledge that a man had been

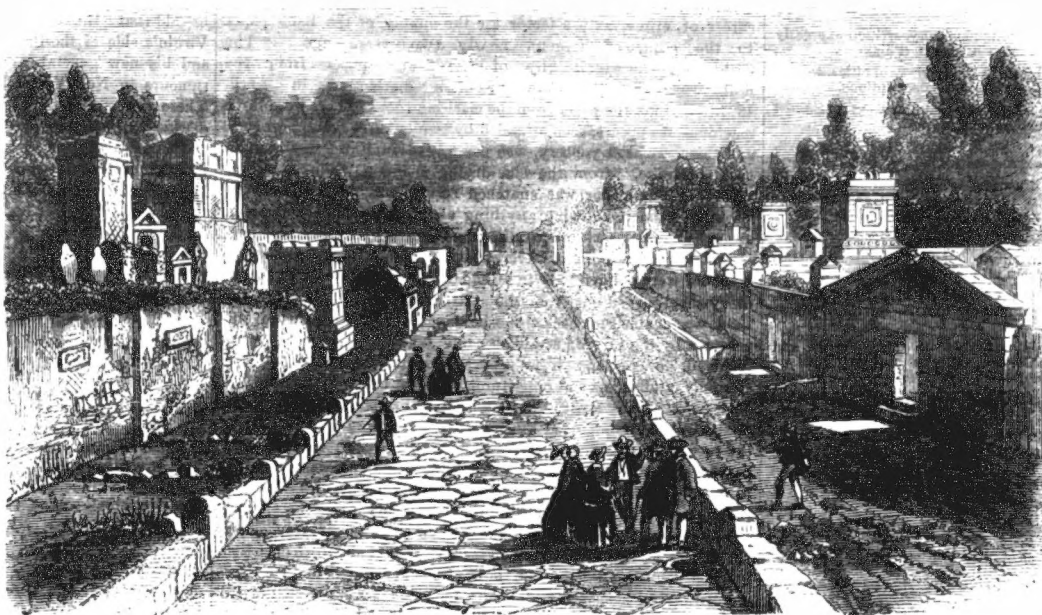
robbed in one of the houses and stripped naked, and then the thieves had the audacity to roll a blanket around him, stitch him up in it so that he could not move a limb, and thrust him in that ridiculous state into the street, with a large label, containing the word "Thief," pinned over his breast. The deceased woman it was proved died from the effects of debility arising from her mode of life and from excessive drinking. The jury, in each case, returned a verdict of "Death from excessive drinking."

THE GENERAL AND HIS SENTENCE.

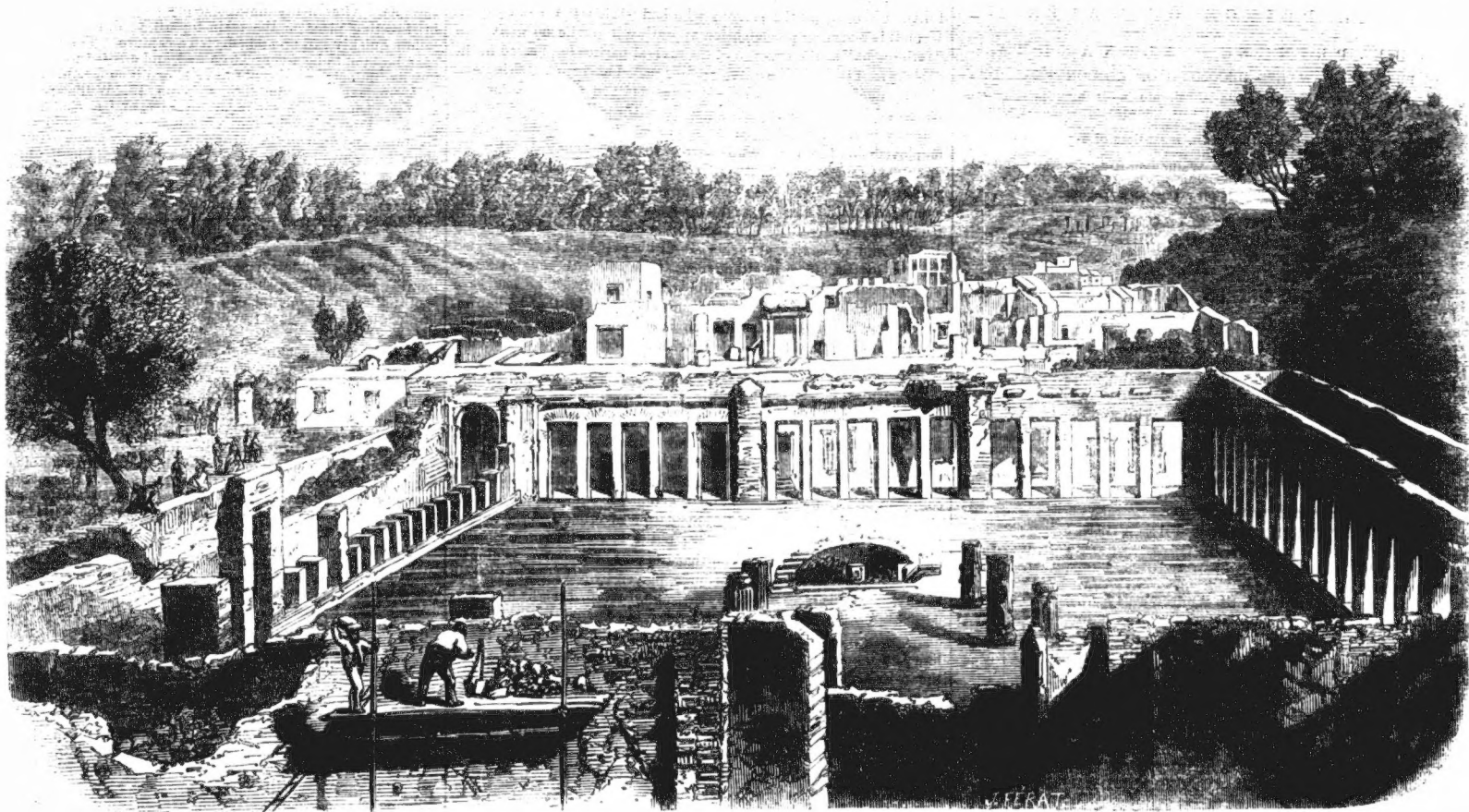
On the 9th July last, at half-past ten in the evening, Millet, Marquis of Faverges, one of the Savoyard officers who chose to retain their rank in the Italian service, and who is now a brigadier-general, wished to leave the camp of instruction at Anzola, near Bologna, where he was quartered. He was met at the outlet of the camp by a sentinel, a Neapolitan soldier, named Mazzatelli, who opposed his egress, on the ground that his orders prevented his allowing any person to leave the camp. The aide-de-camp of the general, and two other officers, endeavoured to explain to the soldier the name and rank of the person whom he was thus hindering in his movements, and even attempted to force their way through, and to disarm the man, who, however, stoutly held his ground, using the bayonet in his defence, luckily, without any serious consequences. The corporal on duty ran to the spot, bade the soldier lay down his musket, and was conveying him into arrest, when the general accosted him, asking him whether he had not recognised him and his aide-de-camp. The soldier answered in the affirmative, but maintained that his instructions allowed no exception. Perhaps the answer was given somewhat gruffly, so that the general lost his temper and forgot himself so far as to strike the man twice in the face with a riding-whip. The soldier was then taken before a court-martial, which declared he had only discharged his obligation. The Government subsequently proceeded against Faverges and his officers, and the case was heard before the supreme military tribunal at Turin, who found them guilty, and sentenced the general to four months' military imprisonment, and two of the officers to two months each.



A SKETCH IN POMPEII. (See page 116.)



A STREET IN POMPEII. (See page 116.)



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF DIOMEDE POMPEII. (See page 116.)

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publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early
in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News,"
25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our
next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
29	S	Length of day 8h. 13m.	7 45	8	M.
30	S	1st Sunday in Advent, St. Andrew's-day	8 55	9	
1	M	Length of day 8h. 7m.	10 5	0	
2	T	...	11 10	11	
3	W	...	—	0 1	
4	T	Length of night 16h. 58m.	0 30	0 55	
5	F	...	1 15	1	

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

EVENING.

30.—Proverbs 20 or Isaiah 1; Proverbs 21 or Isaiah 2;

Acts 1.

Hebrews 6.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW MARKET.—Burgundy (by Ismael, dam by Irish Drone) was foaled in
1843; and the price asserted to have been given for him by the Russians
is said to be 1,000 guineas.
A TRAVELLER.—The route from London by Dover, Calais, and Frankfurt, to
Vienna is 1,062; to Berlin is 844 miles; to St. Petersburg by Berlin,
1,964.

A GRENADIER.—Miss Nightingale, with the band of nurses for Scutari,
embarked at Marseilles for Constantinople, 27th of October, 1854.
R. DEVIZES.—An offer to sell an article does not divest the owner of his
property, and as long as it is his property he may keep it. If a person
bargains and contracts to sell, he can be compelled to deliver; but there
must be two persons at the least of the same mind to make a contract:
one must agree to sell to the other, and the other to buy.
JOCKEY.—Virago, at three years old, won £10,070; her owner netting in
that year (1854) £ 7,394 by his whole stud.
FREEHOLDER.—The Act which limits the period for the recovery of land or
rent to twenty years, is the 3rd and 4th William IV., cap. 27. Any
country possessor can obtain it through his London agent. It is a short
Act, and would cost probably 3d. or 6d.
VERAX.—Oliver Cromwell, the Dictator, had a large stud of race-horses,
inclusive of the best blood then obtainable.
WHIST.—If a card is exposed in cutting, a fresh cut is required.
A READER.—Our space forbids our obliging you. You may obtain the
information at Guildhall Library.
GEORGE THE FOURTH.—About 1857-8.
N. WATERALL.—June 1st it will be published.
A SUBSCRIBER.—We believe there are institutions of that nature at Paris,
Edinburgh, and Dublin, but we do not know the addresses.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

A DETECTIVE OFFICER of any importance or pretension in his singular calling must be prepared to expend money, time, and wit in the execution and pursuit of his arduous duties. The great Bank paper robbery has been, from the magnitude of the interests involved, and the unbounded wealth of the principal client, not only a tedious but highly expensive affair, owing to the host of detectives engaged, directly or indirectly, from the first appearance at the Mansion House of the chief prisoners; but, amongst all the charges for perfecting inquiries or completing the chain of evidence, none seem to us so remarkable and noteworthy, or characteristic of the well-known intimacy between the rascals and their captors, as the expensive hospitality shown to the approver Brown, who, according to his own unvarnished statements, commenced his career of crime, as the factor for the supply of the Bank paper to the gang of forgers, nearly two years ago. "The first time he took any of the Bank paper from the mill was shortly before he was discharged in April, 1861. He took the paper from the machine room. There were three machines, it appears, each attended by two or three young women, and this barefaced robbery was committed in broad daylight, in their presence, "from the size-drying machine while it was at work." The paper was snatched off the machine, without the "young women knowing anything about it," and they did not, strange as it may seem, once notice the rogue at his repeated labours. Originally, at the mills at Laverstock, two clerks from the Bank of England were obliged to be in attendance to report, week by week, every sheet turned out from the mill in a perfect state, and the Bank was enabled to check the whole amount of paper made and accepted by the London establishment. The clerks, however, were removed, for reasons, it is reported, of the latest and strictest economy, and access and opportunity were at once obtained for the abstraction of any amount of Bank paper through the delinquency of the workmen employed at the mills. There is no question about the success of this man Brown's audacious plunder, for the quantity he took altogether on these several occasions was sufficient to have made hundreds of Bank-notes, and his last peculation was achieved by purloining the very paper on which the fifty-pound notes are printed. Brown at this juncture, and in the height and climax of his successful fleecing, acknowledges that he was discharged from the mills for "keeping bad company." According to his own statement, he leads a vagabond life till Easter, 1862, and then we find him associated with the other rogues, through whom a further, and apparently the more important, supply of the Bank paper was obtained from the mills. "I remained with Burnett," says the approver, "until the reward of 1,500*l.* was offered for the discovery of the persons who had stolen the Bank paper." Upon this alarming proclamation appearing in public he went into "retirement" at the expense of the several parties implicated in the robbery. Tired of inactivity, and disgusted at his unexciting and shabby mode of life, ten weeks ago he obtained the protection and lived under the direct superintendence of the police; indeed, he has actually boarded and lodged with one of the principal detectives employed in the case, who seems to have behaved with an indulgent and agreeable liberality which only a well-filled breeches pocket can command. "The approver has been provided with every substantial comfort, and has passed a pleasant time with his friend the detective. He has been to the Exhibition and the Crystal Palace, and, of course, at each visit all his expenses have been paid for him by the officer in attendance. The police thoroughly know how to deal with a rascal of this grade, for though he has been assured that he may be made a witness if he tells all that he knows, he distinctly understands that he may still be included in the charge, and be placed in the dock with his accomplices, if the ends of justice are better served by such an attention. Of course such a double-faced criminal denies that he expects any of the reward, and that anything has ever been said to him about the probability of his being paid for his turning approver, and avows that his appearance is merely to secure himself, and "that others should have their rights." It is to be presumed that the laws of "supply and demand" are answerable for this collusion between the thieves and the officers, which appears occasionally to be inevitable for the elucidation of crime and the apprehension of the other guilty parties; but it is very disconcerting to one's notions of just retribution that the part of approver is almost invariably, and as a matter of course, played by the foremost rascal in any notorious piece of villainy or fraud. At first sight it strikes us as highly incongruous that the detective should take his prey about with him to public places of amusement, or, indeed, afford him any relaxation, solace, or satisfaction which smacks of too intimate or familiar companionship. To this it may be pleaded, we suppose, that the officer must never lose sight of his charge, sleeping or waking, and that he must bear about with him, like a sort of evil conscience, a rascal who has added to his original guilt the sin of treachery to his criminal companions, some of whom most probably took him for an example when they commenced their career of dishonesty and malpractices.

WHAT are we to say to the sudden collapse of General McClellan? Is it heroic patriotism, or disgust, or absence of ambition, or want of pluck; or is it policy? Here is a man occupying the first place

in the world's eye. He had a great army at his back, which respects him as it respects no other leader. He is the foremost member of a party which is coming into power. He is the only man among the Northern generals whom the enemies of the North respect; and, perhaps, we may even say, he is the only man among these generals whom the world at large respects. Yet, while he is in camp with his army, surrounded by his friends, late one night, a missile is put into his hands from a President who seems to have lost all influence, and from a Government which is sinking daily into contempt; and immediately this powerful general lays down his command, sinks into a private individual, and, with a short farewell to his men, goes away into retirement, and almost into exile. General McClellan obeys the law. It was a bold exercise of power in Lincoln—one of those bold exercises of power which weak men sometimes do, but seldom at the proper time. To strike down this party foe, even at the head of the army of the republic, was an act of vigour which might have had important consequences had the general's ambition been equal to his opportunity. But McClellan has preferred to play the part of the model constitutional Democrat; he yields obedience even to Mr. Lincoln, that he may show his zeal for the constitution, and, with a smothered complaint of "doubt and coldness" in some quarters, he turns aside from the possible dictatorship to till his New Jersey farm. A great defeat in Virginia would bring back McClellan with augmented power and reputation. Such may be the calculations of the obedient general who formed the army of the Potomac, and if such be the thoughts that sway him they seem to be shared by a great many others. During the few days which have intervened between his dismissal and our last advices rumours of defeats have been already rife in New York. These are probably only the whisperings of a general apprehension. The new commander must, of course, do something. If McClellan was superseded because he refused to advance, Burnside must have been appointed because he was ready to advance. Every day during which it can be said that "the Confederate pickets still show themselves on the Virginia side of the Potomac," is a day of reproach to Mr. Lincoln and his new general. Burnside must go on and fight, and the rumours in New York tell what is there expected to be the result. These rumours are accompanied by "a slight panic in the stock market," which is naturally attributed by the Northern papers to accidental circumstances; but which tends nevertheless to make it apparent that the holders of State stocks are not reassured by having got rid of their Fabius.

GARIBALDI'S WOUND.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning Dr. Zanetti successfully extracted the bullet from Garibaldi's wound.

The *Independence Belge* publishes a despatch, stating that a splinter of bone and the bullet had been extracted from Garibaldi's wound with great ease.

LETT'S DIARIES.—We have received the series, for 1863, of these admirable annuals. They contain a vast amount of additional information. We most cordially recommend them to every person engaged in commercial affairs as an indispensable requisite for the desk or writing-table.

FROM the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many candidates for public favour, and is known as the "Willcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circulars post-free, on application at No. 1, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—*Art Journal*, August, 1862.

A STRANGE VISITOR.—On the night of the 3rd inst., as the bark Dumbrody, of New Ross, was on her homeward passage from Quebec, 950 miles from land, long 30 W., one of the seamen observed a strange-looking bird attempting to roost among the shrouds. After many unsatisfactory efforts, it at length found a brief resting place on the main-topmast yard, to which one of the sailors quickly ran up and effected a capture. The bird proved, on examination, to be a very large owl, and created much surprise as to what unlucky wind could have blown it so far out of its latitude. The commander of the ship, Captain W. Williams, treated his strange visitant with the tenderest care, and nursed it in his own cabin, but in vain—the bird of Minerva pined amid the sons of Neptune, and died on the third day after its capture. The skin was skilfully removed by Mr. W. Fortune, the second mate of the Dumbrody, and temporarily stuffed with oakum. It is now the property of Mr. Graves, the head of the wealthy and highly respectable firm of Graves and Son, New Ross, and the owner of the ship on which the unlucky bird alighted. For the benefit of your ornithological readers, I append a description of the owl. Its length from the point of the beak to the extremity of the tail is 24 inches; from wing to wing extended, 55 inches; the wings are white and mottled beautifully with pale chocolate colour, in crescent-shaped spots; the beak is one inch in length, and jet black; the eyes are bright amber and black; and the claws and nails 2½ inches long.—*Irish Times*.

THE Gaythorn cooking depot and dining-rooms, for the working classes, were opened on Monday in South Junction-street, Manchester. The premises were formerly occupied by the Messrs. Fernley's mill. The whole arrangements have been carried out by Mr. D. Machaffie, with the assistance of Mr. J. Wrigley and other gentlemen. The large room on the ground floor has been converted into an excellent and convenient dining-room, with cooking apartments and reading room adjoining. Tables, capable of seating eight persons each, are neatly arranged at appropriate distances from each other, and as many as three hundred and twenty individuals can be seated at one time. Along the walls, and upon a tariff of prices. These cooking and dining-rooms are opened with a view to provide, especially during the present period of local distress, good, plain, and economical meals for working men. The principle on which the affair is conducted is of such a nature that every working man who avails himself of its advantages will do so in the utmost independence, and the chief object of the promoters of the undertaking is to assure the working classes that nothing is done as a work of charity. The provisions are to be carefully selected, thoroughly cooked, served up in a neat and unexceptional manner, and charged for at cost price. Adjoining the large room is a reading-room, well-stocked with periodicals and newspapers. The meals will be paid for on the brass check system. Checks will be delivered to the men with their food, and they will have to give them up to the collectors with the amount they represent, as they leave the building. These checks are transferable, so that any persons wishing to distribute a number amongst working men may do so, secretly and advantageously. The prices are extraordinarily small, 2d. or 4d. at the outside, sufficing to furnish a most abundant (?) meal. The rooms will be opened at eight o'clock in the morning with the view of providing breakfasts for those who require them.

FEARFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE

A letter dated Newcastle, Saturday night, gives the following details of the disastrous accident:—

"All the horrors of the Hartley catastrophe have been brought to our remembrance to-day, through a fearful explosion of gas which occurred in Walker Colliery, three miles from this town, about six o'clock this morning, by which sixteen men and lads have lost their lives. Walker Colliery is one of the oldest in the coal trade, having been at work nearly a century, and is about the last of the old famous Wallsend Collieries working, all the others having been drowned out. It has two pits, the 'Ann' and the 'Jane,' the shafts being about a quarter of a mile apart, and their depth 160 fathoms. The shaft of the Jane pit has only been re-opened about nine months, after being widened and enlarged, and the coals are brought to bank by that shaft, which is down-cast. Between twenty and thirty men and lads employed about the pit had gone down about two o'clock; and, so far as can be at present ascertained, the explosion occurred between half-past five and six o'clock this morning. Two banksmen, named Charles Robson and Joseph Richardson, heard the sound of a tremendous rush of air up the working-shaft of the colliery where they were stationed, and on looking in that direction they observed steam and a cloud of fragments flying from the pit's mouth. They informed Charles Cooper, the engine-wright, of the fact, and the alarm that an explosion had occurred spread to the village.

"Before seven o'clock three men were brought up at the up-cast shaft. They were named Chambers, Knox, and Collins. They were all alive, but each was suffering from the effects of gas and fright, as well as from the shock they had received by being thrown down when the explosion occurred. From their statements it seems that there would be twenty-five men in the pit, some of whom were working 'in-by,' at a considerable distance from the mouths of the shafts. It is supposed that some of these men had been at work in a 'trouble,' and had fired shots, from which the explosion may have occurred. The injured men were taken home, and were immediately attended by Dr. Richardson, who reports that all who had come up alive are likely to recover. They describe the first warning they had of the explosion as like the sound of a hurricane, and its effect on themselves was to throw them violently down. The stoppings, brattices, &c., in the colliery workings are all destroyed, and the mine is thrown into confusion. Mr. Cole, the resident viewer, was among the first to descend the pit. The miners who descended to explore the mine came up much exhausted, and state the air to be very bad. All the horses, nine in number, and twenty-one ponies, are killed. As is usual at colliery explosions, there have been many providential escapes. George Mitford, one of the shifters, was working in another part of the pit at the time of the explosion. As soon as he felt the concussion of the air, which is unmistakable in cases of explosion, he ran for his life, but was overtaken by the fire-damp, and was struck down like a shot. He gave himself up for dead, but was fortunately rescued by some men who descended the pit at the first alarm of the explosion to save as many as they could."

The inquest upon the bodies of the sixteen unfortunate men and lads was opened by Mr. Reed, the coroner for South Northumberland, on Monday afternoon, at the Railway Inn, Walker.

The following is a description of the interior of the pit after the explosion, and the discovery of the bodies:—"The first news of the catastrophe produced great alarm among the colliery people living in the village, and the distress of those whose relatives were known to be down the pit was most poignant. Occasionally, during the day, a weeping woman might be seen near the colliery; but the majority of the afflicted ones wisely refrained from leaving their homes to visit a scene which might add to, but could not alleviate, their woe. The colliery operatives and other men, to the number of 200 or 300, reassembled about the colliery, where they waited with patience and remarkable quietness for such tidings from below as might be communicated to them. The high platform of the pit, where the work of the downcast shaft is carried on, was kept clear by a force of the Northumberland county police, and the work of exploring and clearing the pit of gas was conducted steadily and with despatch. With that heroic sacrifice of self which, in times of peril, is one of the noblest characteristics of the north country miner, plenty of men were ready and willing to descend into the dangerous windings of the mine in search of their comrades, and every man of them took his turn with the utmost alacrity. As first among the foremost we may mention John Knox, Thomas Collins, and Mason, who between seven and eight o'clock made their way to the furnace to renew the fires, in order to restore, as far as possible, the ventilation of the mine. At first the air, even near the shafts, was foul and dangerous, but as the morning advanced the pit cleared itself to some extent; but it was apparent that, in the shattered condition to which the ways had been reduced, bratticing must be fixed, in order to effect a complete clearance. In the course of the day, therefore, bratticing was carried down, and was gradually extended into the most noxious part of the colliery. Many of the men who formed the first exploring party were brought up in a state of partial incapacity from the effects of the after-damp, but as the brattice was extended the danger became proportionably diminished. It was not, however, until about seven o'clock at night that the task of identifying the dead and bringing them to the bottom of the shaft became practicable. At this time the work of recovering the bodies commenced in earnest. The party then perambulating the recesses of the mine witnessed sad and awful scenes. All around was a wreck; on the one hand a man lay dead, on the other was a horse on his knees, his ears pricked up, his eyeballs still appearing to glare with fright, though he was quite dead, and had probably been killed instantaneously by the first and only shock of the explosion. Four of the men were found in their respective 'boards,' or long narrow spaces of working. One man, Moore, had been blown a distance of about thirty yards from the face of the seam; he was much scorched, but not considerably injured in other ways, and he was easily recognised. In the second board, T. Miller, a man about forty years of age, was lying near the face of the board, and seemed as calm as if in life. He was neither scorched nor wounded, and did not seem to have been moved from the place where he had been working. Thomas Kenny was the man in the third board, and he had been carried by the force of the blast about forty-six yards from the place where he would be working when the explosion occurred. One of his legs was broken below the knee; he was sadly burnt about the head, and was so much disfigured as not to be easily recognised. John Elliott, who was in the fourth board, was thrown about sixteen yards from the face of the working, and was much scorched. His body was almost buried among an accumulation of flat stones, and he was disfigured. William Burrell was found in the west way leading to the 'Juds.' He was lying flat upon his face, and appeared to have been struck dead by fire. 'Juds' is a name applied by miners to broken workings, and in one of these juds, about one hundred yards from the unbroken workings or boards, five men were found. John Mitcheson, George Barnes, and William Barnes were discovered lying over each other in the corner of the jud, and it was remarked as a curious fact, that a watch found in the pocket of William Barnes was still going and indicating the correct time. A watch found in the pocket of George Barnes had stopped at ten minutes past six o'clock. In the west jud Thomas Atkinson was lying on his back upon some coal, where it was inferred he had been resting at the time of the explosion. Barnes seemed to have been struck on the face, as he was lying in a similar position on the coals. An expression of intense fright was observable on his countenance and in his

eyes. John Holt was found in the roley-way. Thus twelve men were found, and were brought to the foot of the shaft. Five coffins, being all that were then ready, received the remains of five men, which were then hoisted up out of the pit, and taken to the homes of the distressed relatives of the deceased. A small crowd stood around this portion of the sad work, and they seemed for the moment to be solemnly impressed with the funeral aspect of the scene as the coffins were removed. One widow was present when the corpse of her husband was brought up, and a father had waited in silent sadness during the day for the bodies of his two sons."

A FEARFUL JUDICIAL ERROR.—THE INQUISITION IN FRANCE.

We doubt whether all the collections of *cases célèbres* in the world contain such an extraordinary case of judicial error as the one which has just been redressed by the assize court of the Somme. On August 13, 1861, the assize court of the Nord found a young married woman, named Rosalie Gardin, guilty of the murder of her father, Martin Doise, and the jury, having, out of compassion, given her the benefit of 'extenuating circumstances,' she was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for life. The evidence against her raised nothing more than a case of slight suspicion, founded upon her having been at times on bad terms with her father, but she had confessed to a matron of the prison of Hazebrouk, and to the judge of instruction, that she did commit the murder; and although she retracted this confession at the trial, both judge and jury believed her first statement, and she was convicted on the strength of it. There is now not a shadow of a doubt that this woman was innocent. She passed upwards of a year in penal servitude, pursuant to her sentence, during which time she constantly expressed a confident trust that God would one day prove her innocence, and, when ever she wrote to her husband, she begged him to expend money in masses. On August 16, 1862, the same assize court, upon overwhelming evidence, strengthened by a full confession, found that Martin Doise was murdered by two notorious robbers named Vanhalwyn and Verhamme, and sentenced them—the one to death and the other to hard labour for life. The Court of Cassation then quashed both these verdicts, on the ground that they were incompatible the one with the other, and sent the three prisoners to be tried *de novo* by the assize court of the Somme. At this new trial it was proved conclusively that the murder was committed by Vanhalwyn and Verhamme, who moreover renewed their confessions. But how did it happen that the poor woman Gardin, if of sound mind, charged herself untruly with the frightful crime of parricide? The answer, the shocking, heart-rending answer is, that she was goaded into confession by the torture of solitary confinement. For two long months this innocent woman, who moreover was *enchantée* of her first child at the time, was locked up by herself in a cell to which air and light were only admitted by an aperture a few inches square, made by the removal from the wall of a single brick. The sole furniture of this horrible dungeon was a fetid tub and a straw mattress laid on a brick floor. The mattress was daily taken away to be aired pursuant to sanitary regulations, and then the unfortunate creature, who never had a chair to sit upon, could not even lie down, except upon the cold bricks. The prison matron, who brought her the daily prison food, told her continually that if she would confess she would be taken out of that place, and would not have her head cut off. This woman was herself a convicted prisoner in a state of probation, and it was her interest to curry favour with authority by extracting confessions. At the end of the two months the poor woman, whose terrible position was aggravated by those nervous feelings and fancies which notoriously accompany the advent of maternity, felt herself abandoned by God and man, at least in this world; the idea struck her that if what the woman constantly told her was true, that by a confession she might get out of the 'black hole,' and prevent her 'head being cut off,' (these are her own expressions) she would at any rate be spared to bring her child alive into the world. This natural and mysterious feeling was not, doubtless, expressed in poetical or polished language. The much to be commiserated victim is in a very humble rank of life, and speaks no language but the Flemish of French Flanders. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judge were conveyed through an interpreter. This circumstance serves to diminish the astonishment which must be felt at the mistake committed by the Assize Court of the Nord. The convict prison matron, however, eagerly reported to her superiors that Rosalie Gardin had confessed her crime, and therefore the prisoner against whom no evidence had been found was ushered into the study of the judge of instruction. This functionary, who, without being more cruel than the rest of mankind, feels as much professional pleasure in hunting down a prisoner as a Leicestershire huntsman in recovering a cold scent, invited Rosalie Gardin to repeat her confession. She, being restored to the light of day, said at first that she had told a story, and that she did not murder her father; but when he spoke severely to her, the fear of being immediately sent back to the 'black hole' operated so strongly upon her nerves, that she repeated the false avowal, and the judge forthwith recorded it against her, doubtless with such 'addition' and rhetorical aggravation as is the 'nature' of the judges of instruction to indulge in. Poor Rosalie gave birth to her child—her first child—prematurely in prison, and, as is not astonishing, this offspring did not live long. At the new trial which began on November 17, and finished the day after, the innocence of Rosalie was made to appear as clear as day. She was acquitted. Her counsel cited some opinions of M. Dupin, M. Berenger, now a judge of the Court of Cassation, and other high authorities, tending to show that solitary confinement before trial, as now practised in France, is nothing else than a revival of the torture, and that it is quite as inhuman, and that it tends to extort false confessions. Let us hope that this fearful instance of the abuse of the system will lead to its reformation.

GALLANT STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR.—On the night of Sunday, between twelve and one o'clock, Mr. Cobbold, of Dedham, hearing a noise in his house, got out of bed and went down stairs with a candle. He looked into several of the rooms and found all safe, but on opening the drawing-room door he saw a man, who immediately gave a shout, and jumped out of the window, which was open. Mr. Cobbold, although he had nothing on but his dressing-gown and slippers, followed the man, and after a smart chase about the garden succeeded in catching hold of him, when a severe struggle took place. Mr. Cobbold got the burglar down on the ground, and while there he tried to scratch Mr. Cobbold's face, but accidentally got his fingers into Mr. Cobbold's mouth, whereupon Mr. Cobbold at once bit his thumb, and then struck him a violent blow on the head. Notwithstanding all this the delinquent succeeded in getting away from Mr. Cobbold, and another smart chase and another struggle took place, but Mr. Cobbold was unable to retain possession of him, and he made his escape, but left behind him a hat and a bundle containing a number of the articles stolen from Mrs. Hewett's, of Horkesley. Information was at once given to the county police, and the result was, that at the Albert Inn a policeman discovered a man answering the description given sitting in the tap-room, and at once took him into custody. He said his name was William Simpson, but gave no address. On being examined by the constables, it was discovered that he had evidently been engaged in a severe struggle, and that his thumb had been severely bitten. He was taken before the mayor, who ordered him to be handed over to the county police, and he was then taken to the county magistrates' clerk's office, where he was charged with the two offences, and remanded till next day.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

A LETTER from the manufacturing districts contains the following:—

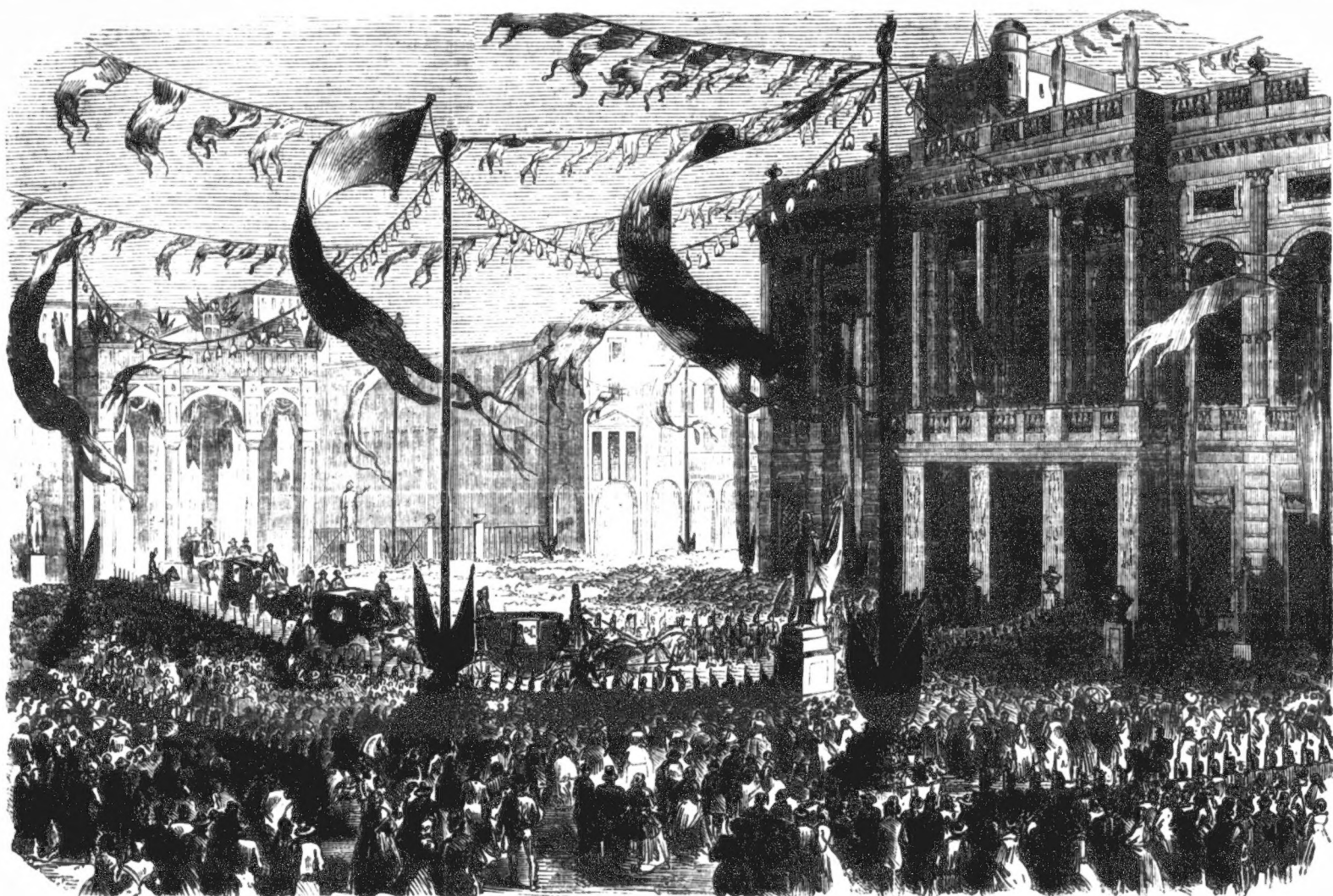
"It was a strange and touching sight to behold the crowds of poverty-stricken and gaunt-featured men and women, which clustered like a swarm of bees, in front of the gates which led to the co-operative corn-mill, at Rochdale, silently and patiently awaiting the hour at which the relief was to commence. Precisely as the clock struck eleven, the applicants were admitted one by one, and on presenting their tickets were instantly relieved with their share of the rice and oatmeal, which filled some half-dozen large, substantial-looking sacks. The crowd presented the usual features of such gatherings in these localities. There was to be seen the poor shame-faced operative, nervously clutching his ticket, and receiving with crimsoned cheeks his ungrudging dole. Here was a young girl, with sunken cheeks and shivering limbs, who, with a sob of thankfulness deposited the precious food in a thin and tattered but clean handkerchief. Yonder was an aged widow, whose trembling limbs scarcely possessed the strength to carry her over the damp and sloppy pavement, and who was rudely pushed out of the way by the bold faced and loud-tongued Irishwoman, who claimed her portion of the relief with the tone of a female not to be trifled with. No doubt many of those relieved belonged to the class of normal poor, but it was easy to perceive by a thousand little traits that the majority were strangers to the assistance of the parish or of private charity. The men, with their bluff, hon at faces, pinched with cold and want, and the comely though poorly attired damsels, who, with faltering lips murmured their grateful 'Thankes, sir,' belonged to the most intelligent, respectable, and hitherto independent portion of the operative community, and many years must elapse before their hearts can forget the sorrows and miseries of the 'Black Famine,' as one of these poor creatures expressively termed it. The same scenes are to be witnessed on a far larger scale at the Relief Fund Store, in College-street, where, from eight to ten o'clock in the forenoon, the yard is blocked up with a dense throng of half-famished operatives and others, who mechanically fall into the old, accustomed routine, and scarcely need the assistance of the attendant policeman to preserve order. While inspecting the interior of the store I was informed that during the previous week the committee had distributed upwards of 23,481b. of bread, 19,700lb. of meal, and 4,390 quarts of soup; but a far larger amount would be required during the present week. They had also commenced the distribution of tea, a change which the smiling features of the recipients proved to be duly appreciated. The upper floors of the store were devoted to the stowage of clothing, several bales of which had arrived, and were being assorted preparatory to distribution. The management of the store appeared to be in every way satisfactory, the soup and bread being of an excellent quality. It is found that directly any of the operatives receiving relief can procure a little work, no matter how unremunerative it may be, they generally give up their relief card, preferring a penny gained by their own industry to the shilling given by a benevolent public, so deeply has the love of self-dependence engrained itself upon their minds. But as the circle of distress widens the higher class of operatives are being rapidly drawn into the vortex of suffering and misery. I have visited many homes filled with good, substantial, and even luxurious furniture, the result of many years of prudent thrift, but which will soon be doomed to the shops of the pawnbroker and the second-hand furniture dealer. For months and months these unfortunate and deserving people have been subsisting on the fucus which they had accumulated in the savings' bank or the co-operative society; and now all has gone. They have no food, no fuel, and no money, except what they privately receive from a few benevolent employers and the relief fund. It is pitiable to behold these cases. For years and years they have cherished their innate love of independence, and at last they have been dragged down to the level of the parish pauper, and with sinking hearts begin to despair of the future. There is no servile submission, no cringing importunities, and no whining ejaculations to be seen or heard in these homes. They accept the relief of the public when offered them, but they will not ask for it, and they invariably decline to receive it so long as they can find any means, however scanty, of their own. Truly these Lancashire operatives are a most remarkable race. At the Temperance Hall I visited one of the educational classes for male adults recently established through the agency of the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, the vicar of St. Clements, Spital-road, where I found one hundred intelligent, clean, and orderly behaved men and youths, attentively listening to one of the lectures which are delivered here twice a-week on subjects of general interest. Nothing could be more gratifying than the demeanour of these men. The traces of famine were observable on their pallid cheeks, and the hand of care had imprinted many an ineffaceable furrow on their rugged brows, but not a word of discontent did they utter, not a murmur did their lips breathe, as they listened to the utterance of the homely truths of the lecturer, and I felt my eyes moisten as I heard their grateful expressions of acknowledgment, and the loud hearty clapping of hands with which the poor fellows testified their gratitude to the lecturer. It would, indeed, be a wise step could these schools and classes be made more frequent."

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

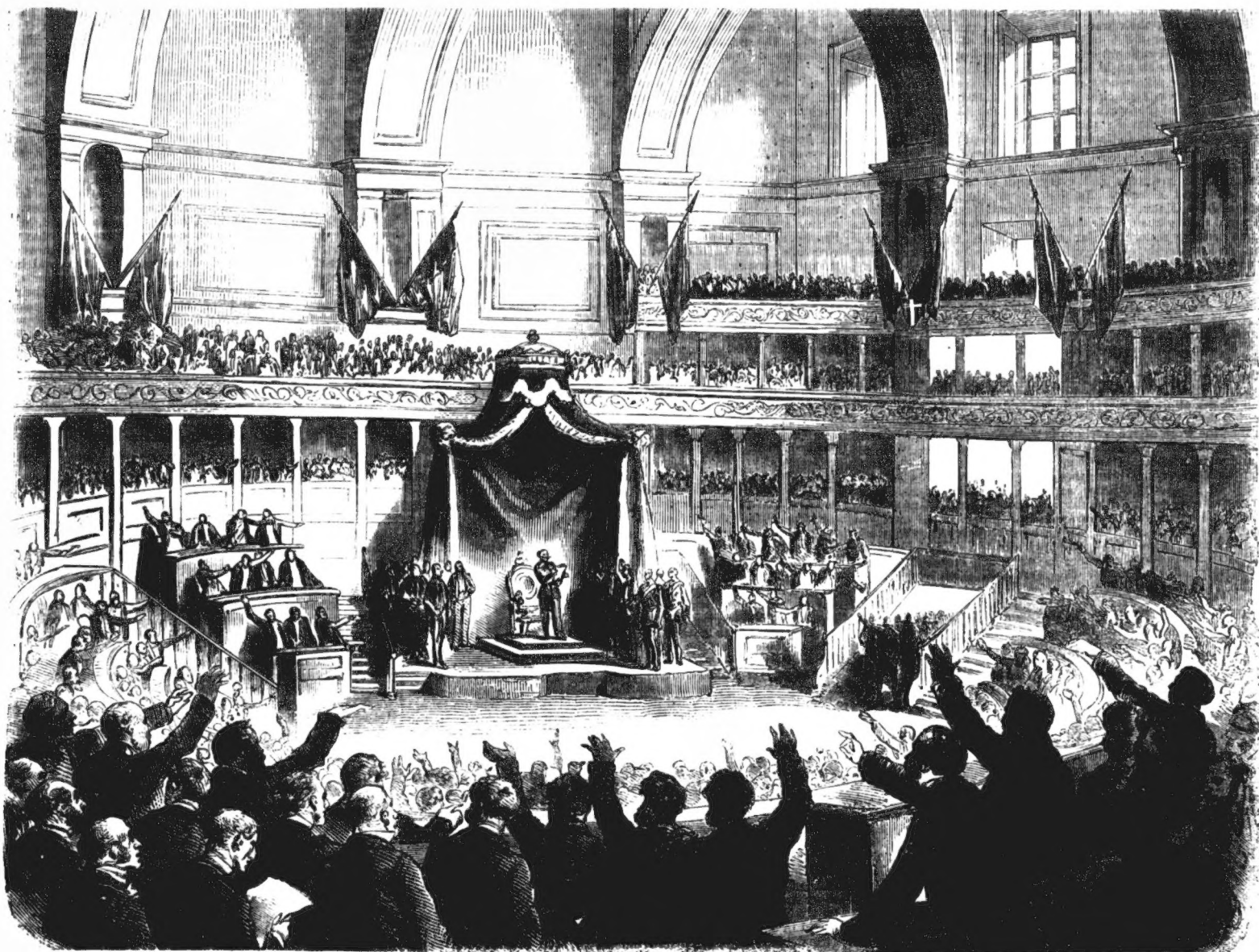
OUR illustrations on page 120 represent the opening of the Italian Parliament, at Turin, by Victor Emmanuel. During his progress to the Chambers he was loudly cheered, and his reply to the address was also greeted with applause. The present session promises to be an eventful one. The fate of the Rattazzi Ministry hangs in the balance; and the Roman question will also originate a sharp and interesting debate.

A PRINTSELLER, named Hautecour, residing on the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, appeared, a day or two since, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, charged with keeping obscene photographs for sale. In his defence, Hautecour stated that the photographs in question had been purchased in his absence by a young man in his employ, who entered the purchase in the day-book. When informed of what had been done, he declared that he would not sell such articles and immediately threw them into a drawer in the back shop, and thought no more of them. Some time after, the same young man proposed to make another purchase of the same kind, but he (Hautecour) refused his consent. The young man said he would sell them on his own account; and was told that if he wanted to engage in such a business he must leave his (Hautecour's) shop. The young man accordingly left, and immediately denounced his late employer to the police, who found the photographs on the premises. The shopman immediately made an indirect application to M. Hautecour, offering for the sum of 15 f. to take all the blame upon himself, as he would go to England, and thence write a letter to the police, stating that the photographs were purchased by him unknown to his master. Notwithstanding this defence, as the photographs were seized on the premises, the tribunal declared the charge proved, and condemned Hautecour to a month's imprisonment and 100f. (£4) fine.

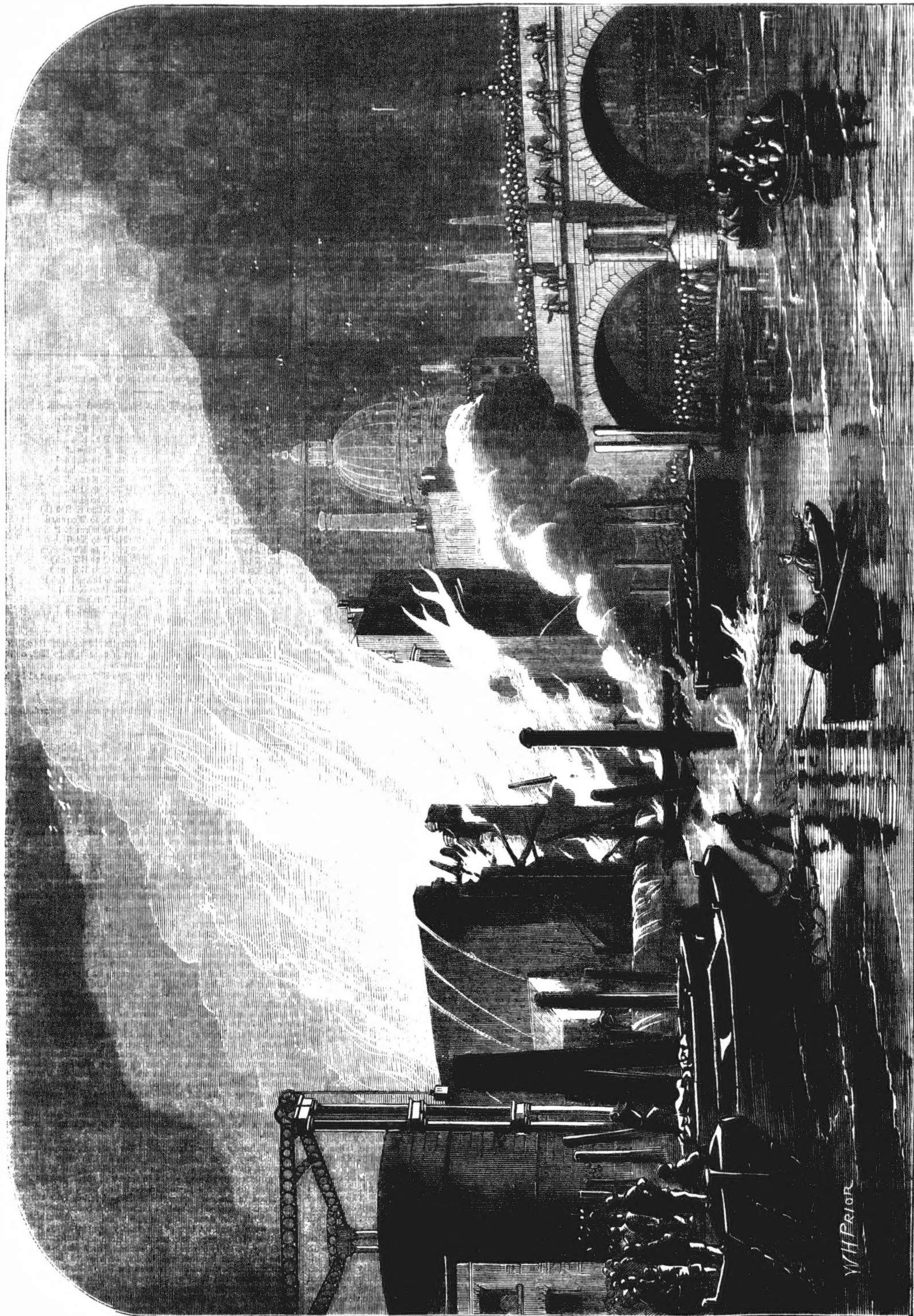
A COURT OF INQUIRY, composed of the senior officers, Colonels Lambert, Wynyard, Hon. R. Curzon, and Bruce, of the Grenadier Guards, has been sitting for some days, to report upon some of the proceedings which, under the designation of "Turf Scandals," have acquired such an unfortunate notoriety.



THE KING OF ITALY PROCEEDING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT. (See page 119.)



OPENING OF THE PARLIAMENT AT TURIN. (See page 119.)



THE FEARFUL FIRE AT PRICES OIL REFINERY, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. (See page 124.)

WHPrior

The Court.

A banquet was given at Wick last week to celebrate the coming of age of the Prince of Wales, at which the Earl of Caithness presided. In proposing the toast of the evening, the earl, who is one of the lords in waiting, said:—

"When I saw that the Queen in council had sanctioned the prince's marriage with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, I wrote to him a congratulatory letter. He immediately sent me an answer by return of post; and, though it is not right to make public the contents of a private letter, I may, without any breach of confidence, I think, repeat to you a single sentence from that letter. His royal highness says:—'I beg to return my most sincere thanks to Lady Caithness and yourself for your good wishes; and I feel now what it is to be really happy.'"

"His royal highness says further:—'If I can make the future life and home of the princess a happy one, I shall be content. I feel doubly happy in the thought that my approaching marriage is one which has the approval of the nation; and I only trust that I may not disappoint the expectations that have been formed of me.'"

The Queen, Princess Alexandra, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold attended Divine service in the private chapel, Windsor, on Sunday morning. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated, and administered the sacrament of the Holy Communion. The Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis arrived at the Castle, and had an audience of her Majesty.

Her Majesty is expected to pay her usual visit to Sir James Clark at Pagoda Park, during the present month.

The marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be solemnised at the Chapel Royal, St. George's, Windsor, early in April next. The walls of the Rubens Room, or King's Drawing-room, at Windsor Castle, have just been hung with a rich crimson figured satin, the pattern being the royal arms. The Council Chamber has also been hung with crimson damask satin, the design being a wreath of laurels surmounting the royal crown. The picture frames in these rooms have all been regilded. It is thirty years since the walls of the apartments were decorated in a similar manner.—*Court Journal*

THE EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

We have seen a house, by no means palatial in size, but in its fittings Sybarite almost beyond belief. Its modest dimensions may be appreciated when we say that the first floor consists only of a drawing-room nineteen feet by thirteen, and a boudoir six feet by five; in fact, apart from the accommodation for servants, the house only contains a dining, drawing, and bedroom, with one other mysterious apartment, of which we shall speak anon. But the paucity of space is made up for by the glow of brilliance. The stone staircase which faces you as you enter has gilt metal balustrades, and a handrail stuffed and covered in crimson velvet. The dining-room is resplendent with hangings of white and crimson satin, decked with costly mirrors and candelabra, and lamps on ornate pillars five feet high. Beyond the drawing-room, and you may almost fancy that you are gazing upon one of William Beverley's transformations. The walls are in panels of cerise silk, bordered by gilt mouldings on a white-painted ground, and the furniture is so glowing with gilding that it looks as if it were suffering from a violent attack of burnished jaundice. Wood, even of the choicest growths, is entirely tabooed; tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture are all glittering with gold, framing the cerise silk panelling, while curtains of the same material and hue depend from a cornice, which a competent authority, by way of setting all unscrupulous doubts at rest, declares to be of a chaste design. Among many exotic groups of Dresden porcelain are two humble earthenware vases, evidence of native bucolic taste, and the china time-piece has a figure of Music, which observers may, according to their inclination, take as evidence that the proprietor admired either Handel or the Ethiopian Serenaders. Most of the china ornaments, however, are damaged, which may be imputed at will to a careless housemaid or to a rascally tenant. The bedroom is such as the most ecstatic of stage decorators can scarcely have dreamed of in his wildest visions. It is a mass of huge looking-glasses and blue silk, and white, and gold, so overpowering in its richness that the eye rests refreshed upon even so much as a modest towel—a cool oasis in the midst of the Sahara of luxurious profusion. The bed is one in which no man of tender conscience could ever sleep a wink, through sheer remorse at its astounding cost. To say that it is all gold, silk, damask, quiltings, gushers, and festoons, is to convey but a faint idea of its splendour. The very counterpane is of quilted blue silk; the ticking of the mattresses is bordered with fringes of emerald green; the dressing-stool on which the happy tenant of this epicurean bower is to sit before the toilet-glass has cushions of blue silk on a gilt pillar and claw, and is daintily covered with an embroidered net, trimmed with blue silk ribbon. The wardrobe is white and gold, with tall mirrors in the panelled doors; the toilet table is daintily festooned with drapery of blue silk and embroidered net, trimmed with lace and fluted ribbon, which also surrounds the gilt-framed dressing-glass, the back of which is a delicate silver panel. Every table is in a richly gilt frame, with legs to match, and the top is covered with silk or with emerald velvet. After viewing all these wonders we naturally ask who can have been the luxurious owner? On this interesting point the catalogue—far we grieve to say this paradise has been broken up by the auctioneer's hammer—conveys no information whatever. But the residence in question was the town abode of Mr. Thomas Sayers, the pugilist.

M. JULES GERARD IN LIVERPOOL.—The celebrated African traveller, M. Jules Gerard, whose exploits have gained him the designation of the lion-killer, has been in Liverpool for some days past. On Thursday he was present at a civic banquet at the Town Hall; on Friday he attended the hall of the 4th Brigade Lancashire Artillery Volunteers; on Saturday he was a spectator of the launch of the troopship *Orontes*, at the Birkenhead Ironworks; and on Wednesday next he will be present at a public meeting to be held in the cotton sales-room, Exchange. M. Gerard contemplates an expeditionary journey into Central Africa, and his presence in Liverpool is with the object of promoting that undertaking. Few persons are better qualified than M. Gerard to engage in such an enterprise; his long sojourn on the African continent and the knowledge he has acquired of the language of its different peoples, and of their habits, will materially assist him in the hazardous undertaking. His chief aim in this journey will be to find a spot for the establishment of an independent settlement. This will probably be found in the mountainous regions of the interior, between Sierra Leone and the sources of the Niger. The object of this settlement is to extend the relations between Europe and the interior of Africa. The funds necessary for this undertaking are furnished partly by the members of the African Exploration Society, partly by persons who take an interest in geography, in natural sciences, and in the advancement of civilization in Africa. The meeting on Wednesday, in furtherance of this project, will be presided over by Mr. Charles Turner, M.P.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

TEA.—The tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence *Horniman's* tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 2280 agents.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—"Love's Triumph" continues its career of success. On Wednesday and Friday evenings Miss Pyne very judiciously substitutes other operas, in order to obtain some amount of rest. On Wednesday, Balfe's "Satanella," with Miss S. Dobson as the heroine, was performed; and on Friday a Miss Anna Hills made her debut as *Arlene*, in the "Bohemian Girl," which we shall notice in our next number.

PRINCESS'S.—A new drama, by Mr. Oxenford, was produced here on Monday, under the title of the "Triple Alliance," founded on M. Scribe's comedy, "Le Verre d'Eau." The plot is almost too intricate to be clearly understood from description. At the commencement of the piece, we find the *Duchess of Marmon* (alias Marlborough) at the height of her power, and *Don Estevan* (alias Bolingbroke) a statesman out of place, is resolved to work her downfall, and raise himself to the post of Prime Minister. *Beatriz* (alias Abigail), a maid of honour, secretly engaged to *Miguel* (alias Marlborough), an officer of the Guards, is a sort of spy in the service of *Estevan*; and these three, who are resolved to watch the course of events and aid each other, constitute the "Triple Alliance." The fact that both the Queen and the Duchess regard *Miguel* with more than becoming interest enables *Estevan* to foment a jealousy between them, and, in the end, the Queen, finding her own reputation in danger, is obliged to set everything straight by hurrying a marriage between *Miguel* and *Beatriz*, while *Estevan* obtains the desired dignity. The part of *Don Estevan* is played with great tact by Mr. G. Vining, who is, indeed, the life of the piece. To Miss Aymer was entrusted the part of the Queen; the Duchess, Mrs. B. White, whose acting could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Shore and Miss M. Oliver contributed much to a most decided success.

EASTERN OPERA HOUSE.—A most triumphant success has attended the production of operas at this distant theatre. The company include the names of Madame Rudersdorf, Miss F. Reeves, Miss Brozzi, Elliot Galer, Durand, Distin, and J. Manley. "Rigoletto," "The Rose of Castile," "Lucia," and the "Trovatore," have been performed during the week.

EFFINGHAM.—The "Will o' the Wisp," dramatized from a most exciting tale of the same name which appeared in *Reyno's Miscellany* some few years back, has been played at this house.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

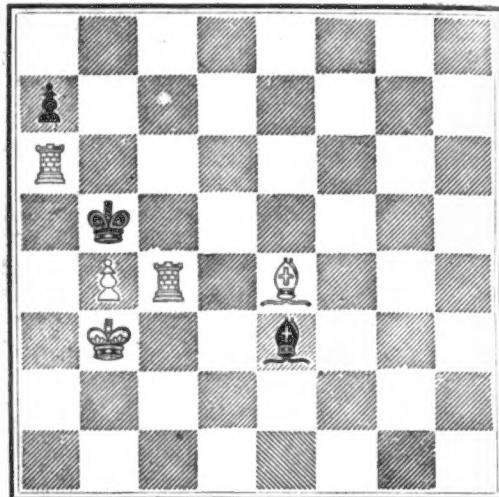
On Saturday night, at the somewhat unusual hour of nine o'clock, the distribution of prizes to the 19th Middlesex (Working Men's College), took place at Westminster Hall. Colonel M'Murdo, C.B., inspector general of volunteers, presided. The whole of the regiment were present, and the hall was crowded by civilians who desired to witness the interesting ceremony.

Colonel M'Murdo, who was loudly cheered on rising, said it gave him great pleasure to attend there on that occasion. They all read the papers and looked with interest to the battles now being fought and recounted in those papers, but he was sorry to say that so far as his ability to glean any good out of that horrid, senseless, stupid, and unnatural war which was being carried on in America went, he was altogether unable to do so. Battles were fought apparently on no intelligible principle, and if he were to make one observation on this point applicable to the volunteers and for their instruction, it would be this, that if every man who bolted at Bull's Run had been a Hythe marksman he would have bolted all the same. There was nothing in this dark moving mass of stupidity, this absurd war, from which they could gather information. It was true, that in a strategical point of view the tactics of Generals Jackson and Stuart were, above all, admirable, and they formed a contrast to the other operations of the contending forces, striking as that of the vivid fork of lightning to the dark and heavy thunder cloud. (Cheers.) He would lead them to look rather to the great battles fought in the olden times—battles fought upon intelligible principles. As one of these he would refer to the battle of Austerlitz, fought under the great Napoleon. Now the contending forces on that occasion were 70,000 on either side, and it was fought at Austerlitz, some distance above Vienna. Napoleon the Great, with the presence which belonged to a great general, saw by the movements of the allies that they intended to turn his right flank; he disposed his army so as to meet that movement. He placed a large portion behind the hills (which extended seven miles) for five miles; he lined the tops of those hills nightly, and left the remaining force to occupy the rest of the ground. On the evening before the battle the advanced guard confirmed his views, and then he issued his most remarkable proclamation. He told the soldiers under his command the errors that were about to be committed by their own opponents on the following morning, he told them what they would have to do, and he told them these things because they had confidence in him, and because he was confident they would obey his orders. At ten o'clock that night—when he had his men concealed behind those hills to serve the next morning when the sun rose upon the length of them—he mounted his horse and rode along the hills; he was recognised by his men, who cheered him and showed their confidence in him. They caught up wisps of straw and lighted them, and for five miles the hills were illuminated. The soldiers said, "We know very well what you are going to do; we only ask you to give the word and to keep out of danger, and we will do it all for you." The grey mist had scarcely cleared away in the morning, and the sun—the glorious sun of Austerlitz—risen, when the loud cannonading of the artillery announced the commencement of the battle; and he asked Soult how long it would take him and his men to run to the top of the hill. Soult said, "Twenty minutes." They waited a few minutes to take advantage of the mistake of the allies, then poured an army into the centre, routed them, scattered them, and doubled them up like paper. That was a grand victory, and that victory was not won by musketry.

A FANCY FAIR and fete was held at the Colosseum, Regent's-park, on Monday night, in aid of the funds of the 29th North Middlesex Rifles. The fete was under the immediate patronage of Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, the energetic and popular commanding officer, and the other officers of this numerous and highly efficient regiment. The usual attractions of the establishment were supplemented, for the occasion, by concerts, balls, amateur dramatic performances, electric batteries, Aunt Sallys, wheels of fortune, "a Wizard of the North," Punch, and an improved process of photography, by which distinguished sitters were taken, and their life-like portraits "sold" with unheard-of celerity. The fancy fair was a complete success, the majority of the stalls being completely despoiled of their contents previous to the hour of closing, much to the satisfaction of the many bright-eyed, beauteous damsels who officiated at these charming *boutiques*. The amateur theatricals were so attractive that long before the time of commencement the theatre was crammed, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The performances consisted of "The Unfinished Gentleman," and "Bambas Furius"; the respective parts being filled by different members of the corps. Both pieces were acted with immense spirit. The burlesque was hugely relished, and the audience was kept in continuous laughter by the broadly humorous acting of Lieutenant Green as the *King*, Mr. Witt as *Bombaster*, and Ensign Frederick Reynolds as *Fubos*. The pretty singing of Miss Mellon (*Distaff*) was much applauded. The entertainment, on the whole, was an immense success, and must have considerably augmented the funds of the corps.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 75.—By J. C. ROLL, Esq.
(For the Juveniles.)
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Steinitz and Wilson.

White.	Black.
Mr. S.	Mr. W.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. K Kt to B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	4. P to K Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. K Kt to B 3 (a)
6. B to Q B 4	6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P	7. B to Q 3
8. P to Q 4	8. Kt to K R 4 (b)
9. B to Q Kt 5 (ch) (c)	9. K to B square
10. Castles	10. Q takes R P
11. Q B takes P	11. P to Kt 6
12. B to R 6 (ch)	12. K to Kt square
13. R to K B 3	13. Q to R 7 (ch)
14. K to B square	14. Q to R 8 (ch)
15. K to K 2	15. Q takes P (ch)
16. K to Q 3	16. P to K B 3
17. B to Q B 4 (e)	17. P takes Kt
18. R to B 8 (ch)	18. B takes R
19. P to Q 5 (dis ch), and wins	

(a) This is now generally preferred to the old move of P to K R 4; but Black may also play at this part P to Q 3, B to K 2, or B to K Kt 2, as recommended by Mr. Paulsen.

(b) Preferable, in our opinion, to Q to K 2, as suggested by Mr. Lowenthal.

(c) Apparently his best reply.

(d) A daring venture, but, nevertheless, not so hazardous as it looks.

A COUNTY SUBSCRIBER.—A little book, published by Jacques, of Hutton Garden, and entitled the "A B C of Chess," is admirably adapted for beginners. The cost is only 3d. per post. A very cheap set of chessmen can be obtained from Mr. Dixon, of Gracechurch-street, London.

J. H. ROSE.—Mr. Morphy, in his notes to the game to which you allude, states, with regard to the seventeenth move of White, that "had the Pawn been captured by the Bishop, Black would after exchanges have played B to K 7 (ch), winning with ease," thus confirming your own note on that move.

A SCHOOLBOY (Whitby).—A misprint occurs in Problem No. 71. One of the Black Knights to which you allude ought to have been placed on the King's fourth square. We shall be glad if you will favour us with your address, so that we may disabuse your mind with regard to your remark upon the insertion of the problem.

MURDER IN BELGIUM.—*Galignani* of the 22nd informs us that a murder was committed at Verviers, in Belgium, a few nights back. A woolcarder named Hardy, aged twenty-eight, who lived with his wife and two children in the Rue du Marchal, was sometimes forced to work during the night. Last week he was compelled to be absent for some days; and on his return he learned from some of his comrades that his wife had been unfaithful to him, having been seen in company with a working painter, named Piette, whom she had admitted at night. On returning home that evening, and not finding his wife, he told his children to inform their mother when she came in that he should be again absent that night. About midnight Hardy returned and found his room-door locked contrary to habit. He knocked violently, when after keeping him waiting a short time, the wife admitted him. Hardy immediately discovered a stranger under the bed, and having drawn him from his place of concealment, was, according to his own statement, about to administer to him a severe correction when the stranger, who was Piette, having attempted to return the blows, Hardy seized the lid of an iron stove and struck him a blow on the forehead, crushing in the frontal bone, and inflicting injuries from which the latter died in a few minutes. Hardy and his wife have both been arrested.

SAD FATE OF TWO CHILDREN.—Two sisters, named Lee, have been missing from their parents' home at Clovelly. The woods, the cliffs, the sea shore, the lanes, and fields, for miles around had been gone over and over again in search of them, and people were beginning to surmise there had been foul play, or that they had wandered in the dark over the cliffs and fallen into the water; but it was determined to make another effort before abandoning all hope. This was done; and in the wood near Mouth Mill the bodies were found by four of the county constabulary, who found a portion of the exploring party. There the unfortunate dead sisters lay, partially covered with leaves. The bodies were removed by the police, an inquest was holden on view of them, before R. Bremridge, Esq., one of the coroners for Devonshire. The position of the bodies and their appearance, taken in connexion with all the circumstances known relating to their loss, indicate that after they were seen on Colonel Fane's land on Saturday week they wandered in the wood, were overtaken by night, and died from exhaustion and exposure.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

JOHN GAROTTE.—Joseph Hall and Robert Lee, said to be ticket-of-freedom men, were placed at the bar before Alderman Hale, who sat for the Lord Mayor, accused of being concerned with a man and woman not in custody in a highway robbery with violence. The complainant was Edwin John Hart, a clerk in the Examiner's office, at the Custom House, and a member of the volunteer corps of that department. About twenty minutes past seven o'clock on a Friday evening he was passing along Church-row, a narrow passage leading from Fenchurch-street to Crutchedfriars, and which is continued below an arch of the Blackwall Railway, when a woman, a stranger, spoke to him, but he passed on, telling her to be off. She appeared to have followed. He took out his purse, intending to buy a cigar, but, recollecting that he carried what money he had in his waistcoat pocket, he was in the act of returning the purse to his pocket, when she snatched it out of his hand and ran off. He followed her, shouting "Stop thief!" The prisoner Hall, whom he had not seen before, ran out of an entry, and, facing him, asked what his "game" was. Not liking his appearance, he turned round, intending to go back, and as he did so he was confronted by two other men, neither of whom he had previously seen. The prisoner Hall struck him on the breast, and then all the three seized him by the collar and forced him against a wall, holding him there until the woman escaped. The prisoner Lee held him by the neck, and hurt him very much with his knuckles. The prosecutor carried a stick, loaded stick, and struck all three of them with it indiscriminately. He heard one of the three, whom he had knocked down with the stick, say, "Oh, my head, Bill!" Losing sight of him, he then struck the prisoner Hall, who turned round and ran away. He was left struggling with the prisoner Lee, and called "Police!" when presently afterwards a constable brought back the prisoner Hall in custody. He lost his hold of the prisoner Lee several times, but kept following and striking him with his stick until they came to St. Mary-axe, where the policeman who had Hall in custody, with the assistance of some of the bystanders, arrested him also. The prosecutor was then well-nigh exhausted. Both the prisoners and the third man (who got away) suddenly made their appearance together the moment the woman stole the purse, and all three dragged him along Church-row. His purse contained papers of some value to him, but no money. Lee said he merely stopped, seeing a crowd collecting, to ask what was the matter, and for that he was given in charge. Police-constable Turner: About half-past seven o'clock I was passing through Great St. Helen's, and hearing a cry of "Stop thief!" saw the prisoner Hall running towards me, and I caught him in my arms. The prisoner demanded to know why I had stopped him. I asked him to go back with me and he would see. On coming to St. Mary-axe I found the prosecutor in a crowd holding the prisoner Lee. He said he had been robbed by a woman, that the prisoner Hall immediately afterwards seized him by the throat, and that the prisoner Lee was an accomplice. With the assistance of some of the bystanders I took both prisoners to the nearest police-station. On one of them I found an old provincial bank-note for £1. They both gave false addresses. When I first saw the prosecutor he was quite exhausted. Partridge, the gaoler of the court, said he had reason to believe that both prisoners were ticket-of-freedom men. Lee denied that as far as he was concerned. Hall made no reply. Alderman Hale committed both of them to Newgate for trial, adding that he should pursue that course towards all men like them who might be charged before him with attempting to commit robbery, rather than deal summarily with them; and he directed that instructions be given to the City solicitor for the time to prosecute the prisoners.

BOW STREET.

VERY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.—Charles Browne and Henry Johnson, alias Taylor, alias Smith, were brought before Mr. Henry on the charges of loitering in Tottenham-court-road, with a view to commit felony, attempt to commit highway robbery, and violently assaulting two police-officers. The prisoners were observed by Sergeant Lambert, of the E Division (who was in private clothes), loitering about in Tottenham-court-road, between Francis-street and Chancery-street, in a suspicious manner. At the corner of Chancery-street he heard Johnson say to Browne, "Here is a chance," at the same time pointing out a man who was crossing the road. Browne replied, "Oh, let him go, he has not got any super" (a slang word understood to mean a watch). They then allowed the man to pass by. The constable concealed himself in a doorway, and after a while they attacked another passer-by. He rushed across the road to assist the gentleman. Upon seeing him they ran off, and escaped from him. Shortly afterwards he met with Sergeant Ryan (also of the E Division), with whom he went in search of them. In about twenty minutes he found them in Tottenham-court-road, and leaving Ryan, who was in uniform, a little behind, he went up to them and took them in custody. Browne seized him by the throat, saying, "If you don't let me go, you—, I will knife you;" and after a struggle got away, but was pursued by Ryan. During the struggle which followed between Johnson and Lambert the former dropped a lantern and a crowbar, which was at once snatched up by a woman, who ran away with them. With the assistance of some persons who happened to come up, Lambert conveyed Johnson to the station-house. In the meanwhile Ryan followed Brown, who was running along Tottenham-court-road, and overtook him near Cumberland-street. Browne took a crowbar from his pocket and beat him about the head with it, smothering his hat and stunning him. He again got away, but was stopped by a gentleman, who detained him till Ryan, recovered from the stunning, came up and took him into custody. The crowbar, a formidable weapon, was produced. Johnson, after giving two false names, admitted that his real name was Smith, and gave his correct address. He admitted that he had been previously convicted. Both prisoners denied that they were the persons who attacked the man in Tottenham-court-road. Browne said if he ever had a chance he would "pay" Ryan. They were remanded for further investigation.

WESTMINSTER.

A GREENHORN AMONGST STARS.—A middle-aged man, of respectable appearance, who gave the name of William White, was charged with conspiracy and fraud under the following circumstances:—Mr. W. Adams, a retired farmer, was looking into a shop window in the Strand, when he was accosted by a man who subsequently stated his name to be Baker, with whom he entered into conversation. Baker represented himself to be an opulent Kentish farmer, and so well sustained his part that he threw Mr. Adams off his guard, and the latter, speaking of his recent retirement from farming pursuits, mentioned that he had a large quantity of cheese to dispose of. Baker undertook to introduce him to a friend, who would be likely to deal with him. They made an appointment the next morning, when, as they were passing the Palace Hotel, Buckingham-gate, the prisoner came down the stairs and Baker introduced him also as a Kentish farmer. Baker and the prisoner entered into a conversation, from which it appeared that they had just had a dispute about the price of a very valuable horse, which the latter had for sale, and which Baker was anxious to purchase, in order to present it to a son of Lord Delawar, under whom he held a great deal of land. Baker then said to the prisoner, who was stated to have the horse in his hands for disposal, "If you can't sell the horse to me, as your uncle won't let me have it, you can sell it to my friend" (pointing to Mr. Adams). Prisoner replied he could do that, and Baker then told Mr. Adams that he would re-purchase it of him. £50 was the price asked for the horse, which was subsequently reduced to £46. The three parties then went to look at the animal, at Dyer's stables, Highgate, West, after which they adjourned to a public-house, where Baker put what appeared to be £46 in gold and notes upon the table, and requested prisoner to take it for the horse, but prisoner said he could not take it, and it would be acting wrongly to his uncle, who had refused to sell him (Baker) the horse. It was then proposed by Baker that prisoner should take the value in cheese from Mr. Adams, and that Baker should then purchase the horse of the latter. Baker then assisted Mr. Adams to reckon up the value of twenty cheeses, which came to £42, and Mr. Adams added £4 to make £46, the price of the horse. Mr. Adams then went with them to the Pantheon, and delivered the cheeses to the prisoner. It was then proposed that Mr. Adams should go with prisoner for the horse, which he did, and Baker was to remain at the public-house until his return, with it, but when he got there expecting to receive the £46, he found him gone, and saw no more of either of the men. The horse, upon close examination, was old, had bad all his teeth knocked out, and was what is termed in the trade "a perfect screw," not worth above £5. It had only been taken to Dyer's stables that afternoon. Mr. Arnold asked Mr. Adams whether he was a judge of horses, and had examined the one in question when first taken to see it. Mr. Adams said he was a judge of horses, but this one would not let him look into his mouth; when Mr. Smyth (who had stated the case for the prosecution) said that he had evidence to show that instead of prisoner being a respectable Kentish farmer, he was a well-known "muggerman." Mr. Arnold remanded him for a week, but consented to take good bail. Sergeant Hornblower, of the D Division, said that he had recovered the cheese.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF HOUSEBREAKING.—T. McCalms, W. Wallace, and G. Butt were placed in the dock, charged with burglary at the residence of Alderman Allen, 6, Peterham-terrace, Gloucester-road, Kensington. George Seymour, 311 T, said: Last Thursday night, at a quarter before twelve, I found the area door of Alderman Allen's house, leading to the front kitchen, open. Thinking that all was not right, I obtained assistance

and entered the house. We went through the kitchen to the butler's pantry, where we found all the plate cupboards and closets open, and some plate lying about it. In a sleeping room on the ground floor we found the prisoner McCalms lying on the floor by the side of the bed bound hand and foot with cord, with a linen cloth over his head. Mr. Payne: Was he gagged? Witness: Yes; the linen cloth was forced in his mouth. Mr. Payne: What did you do? Witness: I cut the cords and removed the cloth. Mr. Payne: What account did he give? Witness: He said that the butler had gone to the theatre, and he was waiting up for him, when, hearing a noise, he went with a sword-stick in his hand to the door, when he found three men, who bound him hand and foot and robbed the house. I told him to go and wake his master who had gone to bed, but he said it was no use, as the plate was gone. We then waited for the butler, and when he came home he awoke Mr. Alderman Allen. Mr. Adams told the butler that he was bound hand and foot until the "Bobby" loosed him. Mr. Samuel Jacobs, 5, Park-side, Knightsbridge, proved that Butt, after a conversation in which he asked him if he would buy plate, sent a sack full of silver on Friday morning. He weighed it, and found it contained 400 ounces. Wallace fetched the sack of silver, while witness weighed some other plate brought by Butt. Witness had previously been in communication with the police, and calling them in, gave Butt and Wallace into custody. Evidence was given, showing an intimacy between McCalms and the other prisoners, and that Butt visited McCalms at the Alderman's house on the night of the robbery. Prisoners were remanded for a week.

DAMNED GARNETT ROBERT.—Timothy Sullivan, a blackguard-looking fellow, was charged with assaulting and robbing Mrs. Sarah Hartnall, under the following impudent circumstances:—Prosecutrix, a respectable married woman, stated that on Saturday night, at a quarter to twelve o'clock, she was in Sloane-street with her husband and two friends, the latter of whom were waiting for the omnibus to take them to Islington, when the prisoner came up and dragged her by the throat. Mr. Payne: Had you seen him before? Prosecutrix: No. I saw nothing of him till he threw his arms round my neck. In what way did he do it?—He seized me by the neck and dug his fingers into me, leaving the marks of his nails. (Complainant here showed some scratches, the result of the prisoner's violence.) I screamed out and my husband came and rescued me. Did he steal anything from you?—Yes; he forcibly took the brooch, value £1 10s, out of my shawl, and then tore the shawl off my back. Did you see him taken into custody?—Oh, yes; I would not leave go of him. Had he any associates about?—Yes; a number of men surrounded him, so that he should not be taken, and called me very bad names. At the time you were attacked how near were you to your friends?—We were all close together looking for an omnibus. John Hartnall, 54, College-street, Chelsea, foreman of building works, was then called, and said, in answer to Mr. Payne's inquiries, that this impudent attack occurred at the top of Sloane-street, the Knightsbridge end, at a time when the neighbourhood was thickly crowded. He did not see the assault, but hearing his wife scream, he turned round, and saw her, his friend, and the prisoner, all struggling together in the gutter, upon which he went to their assistance. Mr. Payne inquired if the brooch had been found. The police replied in the negative. In answer to further inquiries from the magistrate, the prosecutor said the instant prisoner was apprehended he was surrounded by his comrades, and had plenty of opportunity to pass the brooch away. Prisoner's companions insulted his wife most grossly. William Woolrich proved seeing prisoner's hands tightly clasped round his friend Hartnall's neck, witness not being more than two yards from her at the time. He at once closed with the prisoner and tried to drag him off, in doing which they all fell together in the road, where Mr. Hartnall found them. This witness also swore to hearing the prisoner's companions insult prosecutrix. Mr. Payne said these ruffians really seemed to be getting more daring, instead of being deterred by the heavy sentences passed upon others of their class; hence was a respectable woman, surrounded by her friends, garrotted and robbed under the very eyes of the police, in a great thoroughfare like this, one of the busiest in London at that time on Saturday night. It really was outrageous. The worthy magistrate then remanded the prisoner for a week. A respectable-looking man here stepped forward and asked that the accused might be admitted to bail, as he could give him a good character. Mr. Payne said: Certainly not; he wondered any one could come forward and have the impudence to ask such a thing. Prisoner was then remanded.

OLVERKENWELL.

A JEALOUS WIFE.—DESPERATE ASSAULT ON A FEMALE.—Amelia Myddleton, wife of a wheelwright, residing at 47, King-street, Compton-street, Clerkwell, was charged, before Mr. Barker, with committing a violent assault on Mrs. Maria Farrant, the wife of Nathaniel Farrant, chief engineer on board the "Wrangler," now on the coast of Africa. Mr. John Wakeling, solicitor, appeared for the complainant, and stated that she was in town for the purpose of assisting the wife of her brother-in-law, who was ill. Her brother-in-law kept a general shop, and the husband of the defendant came to the shop in an excited state, with his face bleeding, and asked what his wife owed. He was told, and the following night the defendant came into the shop, as if she was mad, and, without speaking a word, began to claw the face of the complainant. The complainant attempted to escape, but the defendant followed her, struck her several times over the head, and caused her great pain, and he (Mr. Wakeling) sought assistance brought one of the lodgers in the house of the shop, and had it not been for his timely arrival the defendant did not live very happily with her husband, but that was no reason why his client should be annoyed by her. In conclusion, he said he should ask his worship to bind over the defendant to keep the peace towards the complainant. The defendant said she was very sorry for what she had done. Her husband illused her, and in a fit of jealousy she had gone to the complainant, as she had heard that he had been to see her, but there was no truth in the statement. Mr. Barker told her she had better be careful, and ordered her to find sureties to keep the peace for six months.

A LITTLE WITNESS "IN A FOG."—Hannah Coles, a dirty-looking woman, with a futuristic in her arms, that amused the court by continually screaming, was charged with violently assaulting Mr. John Buckthorpe, in Fox-court, Gray's-in-lane. It appeared from the evidence that the complainant lives with a family at a chandler's shop. The defendant's son was served with some mixed pickles, and she, thinking she had not got enough for her money, brought them back, and after making a great disturbance, thrust them in the face of the person who served them. As she was proceeding to further violence, the complainant interfered, and the defendant kicked him in the lower part of the stomach and caused him great pain. She made use of disgusting language, and swore that she would gouge out the complainant's eye, and had it not been for interference of the police she would have committed other acts of violence. The defendant denied the charge, and said she could call a thousand witnesses. She called Mrs. Leary, who said: I am a widow, and that you all know. (A laugh.) I have not got a word to say about it—not a word, you wretch. (A laugh.) There was a mob in the shop about the pickles, and I pushed into the shop and asked Mother Coles to go home. She would not go; but, your honour's soul, she did not strike him. I saw nothing of it, but she did not strike him, for she is as quiet as a baby. (Loud laughter during which the infant in the defendant's arms began to scream most lustily.) She was a bit put out, as every honest woman would be, who did not get her whack of pickles for a penny! (A laugh.) I was only passing at the time. Mr. Barker: Then you do not know much about this matter? Witness: Oh, dear, no, your worship—I know nothing about it! She said nothing, and I did not hear him (pointing to the complainant) say anything. I'm in a state of fog, your worship, and that's all about it. (A laugh.) Don't ask me any more, your worship; I know nothing about it. (A laugh.) Mr. Barker ordered the defendant to pay the costs, and to be bound over to keep the peace for six calendar months.

A YOUNG WOMAN FROM THE COUNTRY CHARGED WITH BEING DEBAUCHED AS A MAN.—A respectably-attired young woman, who gave the name of Margaret Norton, described as of no occupation, and residing at 38, De Beauvoir-square, Kingsland, was charged before Mr. Barker with being drunk and incapable of taking care of herself in the Southgate-road. It appeared that the defendant was attired in man's clothing on Sunday night last, after eleven, and as she was drunk and incapable of taking care of herself, she was taken to the Kingsland police-station, and was locked up. It was stated that the defendant had come to town on a visit, and she had attired herself in man's clothes for the purpose of having a spree. The defendant who appeared to feel her position acutely, said she was sorry, and would never do so any more. Mr. Barker discharged her with a caution.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CAPTURE OF A PAIR OF NOTORIOUS DEBILITATED.—William Levy, alias Dalby, a fellow wearing fashionable whiskers, and Henry Wilson, alias Cole, alias Brown, both notorious characters, and Wilson having been transported for seven or ten years, were charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, as suspected persons, and Wilson was further charged with being in possession of housebreaking implements, some of which were produced, and were said to be well-made housebreaking tools. Sergeant Joy, 9 C, deposed that about eleven o'clock on Saturday night he was in company with Sergeant Brown, 5 C, in Chancery-street, St. Martin's, when he saw the two prisoners in company with two other men. Knowing them he watched and followed them about till they got into St. Martin's-street, when the two other men catching sight of him (Sergeant Joy) ran away. The (officers) then went up to the prisoners, when Dalby said, "I have only

come to see my old woman, Mr. Joy, and I don't intend to do anything wrong." On searching the prisoner Dalby he found nothing on him. Sergeant Brown, 5 C, said that while taking Wilson to the station he made a sudden jerk and darted off. He (the sergeant) then pursued the prisoner, and while doing so, saw him fling away the crowbar produced. Having succeeded in securing Wilson, he took him to the Vine-street station, where on searching him a piece of soap used by housebreakers to take the impression of the wards of keys, a screwdriver, some matches, &c., were found. He knew Dalby to have been convicted two or three times—once for entering a house in Argyle-street with skeleton keys, and he had also been transported for seven years. Sergeant Joy said Wilson was "wanted" for a burglary at Mr. Adam's, in Oxford-street, where a quantity of plate was stolen, and for which two other men were in custody and under remand at this court. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he would remand both prisoners, but he would at once tell Wilson that he should commit him for trial for being in possession of housebreaking implements.

THAMES.

ROBBERY A CAPTAIN, AND DIVIDING THE SPOIL.—Three Irish-women named Lynch, Cassidy, and Callahan were brought before Mr. Woolrich, charged with stealing a purse containing nineteen sovereigns, from the person of Captain Henry Fuller, the master of the collier ship Sunderland Packet. It appeared that on the preceding night two police-constables, named Harris, 7 H, and Kanwood 194 H, were passing a public-house at the corner of Great Prescott-street and Goodman's-yard, Whitechapel, and saw four women in front of the bar with a quantity of gold before them, which they were dividing. The officers knowing them to be bad characters rushed in and seized the women, at the same time calling upon the landlord to assist them, but he refused to do so, and said his place was behind the bar. A regular struggle and fight ensued, and one of the women, named Irish Moll, who was really dividing the spoil, got away. The three prisoners were seized, and after a violent resistance the officers took from Lynch three sovereigns and a half-sovereign, from Cassidy five sovereigns and from Callahan five sovereigns. Their companion escaped with £5 10s in gold. The prisoners had been in company with Captain Henry Fuller, the master of the Sunderland Packet, at the Black Horse, on Tower-hill. He was stupidly drunk, and one of them managed to steal his purse and money. When he discovered his loss he went to a respectable house, the Red Cross, in East Smithfield, and said he had been robbed there. He was found by Dunaway, a detective officer, 129 H, in a state which made him suspect his liquor had been drugged. All he knew about the matter was that he received £20 in gold, and went out upon a cruise, and got drunk. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, who defended the prisoners, finding the case to be a hopeless one, recommended his clients to plead guilty, and they did so. Mr. Woolrich, hearing that Callahan was an old offender, sentenced her to six months' imprisonment and hard labour, and ordered the stolen money to be restored to the "stupid captain;" at the same time he recommended him to be more careful in future, and not to drink to excess with a large sum of money in his possession.

A SAILOR AMONGST LANDSHARKS.—Amelia Allen, a good-looking, well-dressed woman of the town, aged 25 was brought before Mr. Woolrich, charged with stealing 108 six-dollar bills, to the amount of £7, from the person of Captain G. H. Garra, the master of the ship Juno, lying in the Surrey Canal Dock. It appeared from the evidence of the captain that he was in liquor the previous night, and he said to the magistrate, in a confidential whisper, "When the liquor's in the wit's out." He met with the "young lady," Mr. Woolrich: You mean the prisoner? Witness: The same, sir. She took me to a house in John-street, Stepney-caneway. I was seated on a sofa, and a young lady was on one side of me, and an old lady on the other. About five minutes afterwards I missed my purse containing £7 in Swedish money, and I missed my hat, and this old one was left in exchange. Mr. Woolrich: Had you any English money? Witness: Yes, sir, £33. That was all safe; not a farthing of it was gone. Mr. Woolrich: How was that? Was the English money in the same pocket as the Swedish six-dollar bills? Witness: You see, sir, I had two purses, one in my left hand and trousers pocket containing Swedish money, the other in my right hand and trousers pocket containing £33 in notes and sovereigns, English money. Mr. Woolrich: She went to the wrong pocket. You are very lucky, indeed, Walter Hayward, a police-constable, No. 406 K, said he met the prosecutor and the prisoner in the Commercial-road. Captain Garra charged her with robbing him of his pocket-book and money, which she denied. The captain had an old hat on his head. The prisoner was taken into custody and searched, and her room in John-street was searched, but no trace of the money was found. The prisoner denied having robbed the prosecutor, and said she met him in the Grosvenor Arms public-house, in Grosvenor-street, and he treated her. She accompanied him to a hatter's shop in the Commercial-road to buy a new hat, and they went to several other places. She then mentioned other incidents of their last night's adventure. The captain, on being recalled, admitted in great part the truth of what the prisoner said. He was at the Grosvenor Arms having a game at "nine pins." There were a great many people at the Grosvenor Arms. He was quite sober. Mr. Woolrich: Why, a little while ago you said you were intoxicated, and that when the liquor was in the wit was out. Captain Garra said he was only three-parts drunk. Mr. Woolrich: I tell you what, sir, you are not fit to be entrusted with large sums of money about you. You go into a skittle-ground where there are many persons assembled, and then to grog shops, and lastly to a house of ill-fame, where you are robbed of one pocket-book, and I only wonder you were not robbed of both purses. There is a case of suspicion, but it doesn't go far enough, and the prisoner is discharged. A number of infamous characters followed the captain out of court, with the view, no doubt, of obtaining the English money, which he was fool enough to admit that he had about him, but two police-constables kept the wretches at bay, and accompanied him to a place of safety beyond the reach of the land sharks.

HIGHGATE.

DESPERATE ASSAULT AT HIGHGATE.—At the Highgate Petty Sessions on Monday, Mr. Thomas Griffiths, proprietor of the Old Crown Tavern, Highgate-hill, was charged before Messrs. Bodkin and Miles with assaulting Thomas Holding. The complainant, a formidable-looking man, 6ft. 2in. in height, well known to the police, said that as he and some friends were going down Hampstead-lane on the previous evening, about twelve o'clock, the defendant hit him a violent blow, knocked him down, and struck and kicked him while down. George Taylor, William Butler, and John Winterback, who were also known to the police, said they were a little way behind the complainant, and upon hearing cries of murder in complainant's voice they hastened forward, and found complainant on the ground, and defendant standing over him. Police-constable Skelton, 385 S, deposed to hearing a noise at the time and place in question, going to the spot, and finding the defendant struggling with the complainant and the three witnesses; the complainant, whose face and head were covered with blood, charged the defendant with assaulting him. Charles Rosall said he was coming home with the defendant at the time and place in question, when the complainant met them, asked defendant for some tobacco, and immediately rushed at the latter; at the same time three or four other men rushed across the road. He (witness) ran off to Highgate police-station to get a constable. The defendant said that as he was going to Hampstead-lane the complainant met him, asked him for some tobacco, and at the same time prepared to attack him. The defendant, observing this, drew back and prepared to meet his antagonist. As he came, the defendant met him and knocked him down. Four other men rushed across the road, and a most desperate struggle ensued between the defendant and the five men. It continued till a police-constable came up. The bench at once dismissed the charge, and a summons for assault was issued against the complainant, his three witnesses, and a man named Naylor, making the fifth man of the gang.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

BIGAMY.—Margaret Thompson, 40, a buxom-looking woman, pleaded "Guilty" to a charge of feloniously marrying James Quinlan, her husband, Thomas H. Thompson, being alive. In answer to questions put by the learned Recorder, it was stated that the prisoner left her first husband, and when she had been married a short time to the second she left him also, and then it appeared she went to the police-station and gave herself up on stated that it was the person who had been bound over to prosecute. Neither of the husbands appeared to complain of the prisoner's conduct. (A laugh.) The Recorder asked the prisoner whether she wished to say anything in explanation of her proceedings. She replied that the reason she left her first husband was that he used to ill-treat her. The Recorder said this was no excuse for her deceiving the second husband. However, under all the circumstances of the case, he thought the requirements of justice would be satisfied by his sentencing her to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.

A GANG OF COINERS.—William Campbell, 23, Turner, Elizabeth Barrett, 22, married, Ellen Sullivan, 22, dealer, and Julia Rogan, 19, spinster, were indicted for having in their possession certain implements of coinage. Mr. Cooke and Mr. Crawford prosecuted, and Mr. Kemp appeared for the prisoner Campbell. It appeared that up on the 7th of this month Inspector Brennan and some other officers went to a lodging-house in Wentworth-street, and there saw all the prisoners in a room sitting round a table engaged in making base coin, and upon forcing the door and obtaining an entrance, they found a mould for making silverpence, and several base silverpences were found in Regan's lap, Campbell having just passed them there. The jury found them "Guilty." Campbell, who was not known to the police, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude; Barrett, who had been before convicted, to five years; and Rogan to four years.

GENERAL O'DONNELL.

GENERAL O'DONNELL, Prime Minister of Spain, was born at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, January 12, 1809. When very young he gave evidence of genius, and attracted towards him the attention of the military authorities. When only fifteen years of age he was appointed aide-de-camp to the General-in-Chief of the division of Castile. At a later period, when Ferdinand VII in person visited Catalonia for the purpose of suppressing the first outbreak of the Carlists, O'Donnell was one of the most distinguished of the officers composing the Royal Guard. He continued to rise in his profession, and after receiving many wounds at Erica and in other engagements, especially distinguishing himself at the battle of Mendigorría, he was promoted to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. During those troublous times not a year passed without bearing witness to the prowess and bravery of O'Donnell. In consequence of the part he took in the civil war of 1839 he was appointed general-in-chief of the staff of the army of the north. It was then that he rescued the general who, with 3,000 men, was besieged at Lucena, by forcing the Carlist chief, Cabrera, to surrender.

In the many campaigns between 1839 and the present time, O'Donnell has invariably distinguished himself. In return for his services, Queen Isabella has heaped honours upon him. In 1856 Napoleon III likewise bestowed upon him the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour.

O'Donnell commanded the Spanish army in the Morocco campaign, and distinguished himself greatly. He has contrived to throw into the shade Narváez and other of the once leading men of Spain, and is himself now omnipotent.

Our portrait is after a photograph, and may be accepted as giving a correct likeness of the original.



GENERAL O'DONNELL, PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

THE GREAT FIRE AT BLACKFRIARS.

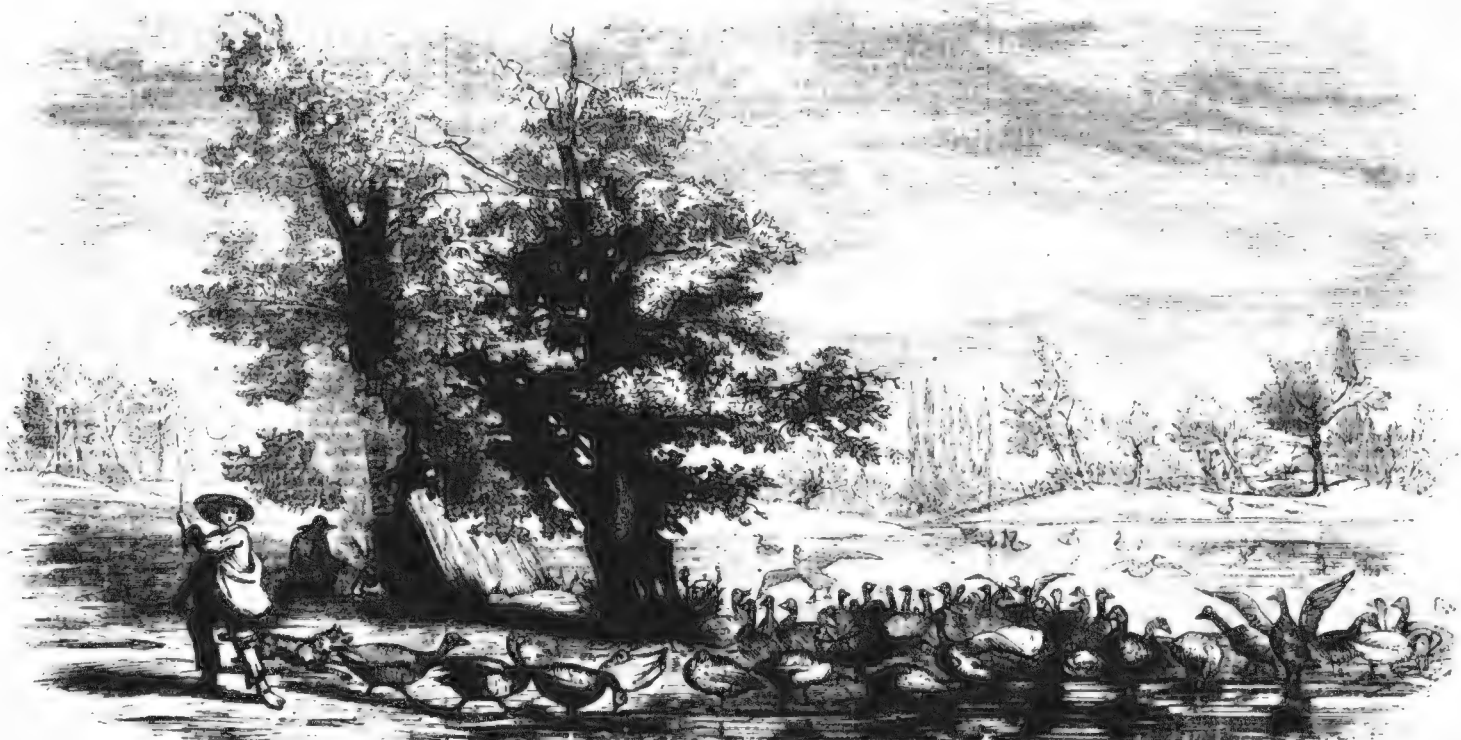
THE illustration in p. 121 represents the great fire at Blackfriars, at which the extensive warehouses belonging to Messrs. Charles Price and Company, oil refiners, situate at the north-western corner of Blackfriars-bridge, and to the east of the City Company's Gas-works, were burnt to the ground. These buildings, which cover a space 600 feet in length by 150 feet in width, were entered by a gateway in William-street, and were connected with the river by a spacious wharf and landing-stages for receiving and shipping goods. On the western side of the entrance yard was a warehouse nearly one hundred feet long, and three floors high, each compartment of which contained several hundred tons weight of oil, and immediately facing this building, and separated from it only by a waggon road, about twenty-five or thirty feet wide, stood another warehouse, similarly constructed; adjoining it on the north side, was a smaller building termed the cooperage; on the eastern side of the entrance yard stood a number of houses, used as offices, which fronted Chatham-place, and five of which formed a portion of the Royal Hotel.

The first intimation of the outbreak was received about five o'clock in the evening, when a man who had just entered the yard to unload a cargo, noticed smoke coming out of the oil warehouse on the south-east corner. Feeling convinced that something was on fire, he raised an immediate alarm; but in the course of a few minutes the whole neighbourhood was star led by flames bursting out almost simultaneously from not less than thirty windows on one side of the yard. From the limited space between the building and unless the fire could be speedily arrested, both must inevitably fall a prey to the flames. In a few minutes the engines of

the Farringdon-street brigade attended, under the direction of Mr. Fogo, the chief officer of the B district, and the engineer Perryer. By the time they had arrived, however, the flames were rolling completely over the carriage way, and were feeding upon the opposite warehouses. A number of the men who were employed on the works, and a great many other workmen from Messrs. Spicer's, the paper-makers, at once proceeded to remove barrels of oil and other combustible articles from the warehouses. Five land steam engines next arrived, under the direction of Captain Shaw, the superintendent of the London brigade. They were so placed that the hose was carried round to meet the conflagration at each point. Mr. Shand, one of the patentees of the brigade steam-engines, being also in attendance to give his advice as to the working of the machines. Captain Hodgson, the superintendent of the City police,

The burning liquid on that occasion ran through the yard, burnt a fire-engine, and floating along the surface of the Thames, set fire to the floating engine and several barges.

MUNIFICENT LEGACIES.—To the Leeds charities and the Bradford Infirmary, Mr. Abraham Musgrave, of Bramley, whose death occurred a few days ago, has left the sum of £40,000. This munificent legacy will be a welcome addition to the funds of the institutions to which it has been bequeathed. £10,000 go to the Bradford Infirmary; and the remaining £30,000 to the Leeds General Infirmary, the Leeds House of Recovery, and the Leeds Eye and Ear Infirmary, in equal proportions of £10,000 to each. — *Leeds Mercury*.



FEEDING GROUNDS FOR THE GESE AT MARLEN, IN THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN



PENS FOR GEESE.

CHRISTMAS.—THE FEEDING OF GEESE AT STRASBURG.

CHRISTMAS, with its festivities, is again at hand; and we may conclude that many hands are busy in the preparation of the good things of life for our delectation at that festive season. Farmers are preparing fat cattle and pigs for the Smithfield show, grocers are stocking their shops with fruits, &c. Turkeys and geese figure prominently at this period; and with the fattening of the latter, we offer some particulars and illustrations.

The goose has its shepherd, as the sheep has. A shepherd of geese named Schram, became a general, as a shepherd of sheep became Pope Sixtus V. The geese are brought up by the peasants, each of whom possesses about a dozen. Every morning the shepherd traverses the village and collects by the sound of a trumpet his winged tribe, which repairs for its pasture to a common in company with herds of pigs. The goose is particularly partial to places abounding in old oaks. In the evening the shepherd leads back his flock; but before they arrive at the village almost all the geese take flight, rise above the roofs, and settle down in their respective homes. They flap their wings, cross, and fly against each other in the air, uttering a cry not unlike the note of a hoarse trumpet. This performance is a very amusing one.

The goose is courageous, more especially the gander. Far from taking flight at the approach of dogs and children, this brave animal rushes upon its enemy with open beak, hissing like a serpent. Towards autumn, the peasant carries to town his finest geese. The market is capacious. One hundred and fifty thousand geese annually pass through that of Strasburg. The woman who fattens them is acquainted with those peasants from regions where the best geese are produced. She fingers the animal to

assure herself that the body is well-formed; examines the foot and beak to determine its age; she then makes her bargain, and carries home her purchase. When she returns, she places the goose in a separate compartment, and feeds it with marsh-beans. As soon as the animal is considered strong enough to bear fattening, the operation is commenced. The pupil passes into a higher class, and is fed with maize steeped in salt water. From this time the feeding is regular and forced. It is admitted nowadays that geese ought to be fattened without exercise, therefore they are packed about thirty together in a stable. It is only during the last eight days of the fattening that they place the goose in a cage open at the top. It is the skill of the trainer in this latter period that determines the success of the operation. It is necessary to kill the beast just at that time when the liver will remain white and firm. Night and day they must watch for the favourable moment. The following is the manner in which they proceed to the fattening. The feeder places the goose between her knees; the wing is held fast and the feet left free. With one hand she holds the beak open, with the other she drops the grains of maize into the throat, and pushes them home with her fore-finger. This operation is gone through regularly thrice a day. One woman alone cannot cram more than twelve geese an hour. An estimate of the labour may be made from the fact that 200 geese are often trained by the same feeder. The bird being killed, plucked, and disjointed, the feeder hangs it up in an airy place, and not until twenty-four hours have elapsed can she judge of the condition of her treasure. She then takes down the goose and cautiously effects the extraction of the much-esteemed liver, which is immediately taken to the pie-makers, who make of it the well-known pies. Matthieu, the cook of Cardinal de Rohan, was the first who suggested the use of the liver for pies. Success crowned his efforts. From that time the fattening of geese has become a trade. It is by the feeding of geese that the wife of the workman who is deprived of work in the winter time supports her family. Other women who have a little capital carry on feeding on a larger scale.

The business is a very arduous one. The woman has to rise two or three times in the night and inspect her stock, geese during the latter period of their feeding being subject to apoplexy. This terrible woman marches about with a sharp knife to cut the throat of the first which shows symptoms of suffocation. Every goose which dies against rules occasions to its owner a clear loss of more than six shillings, besides labour and time lost. A goose costs from 2s. 6d. to 3s. in the market. On an average, it consumes in food about 2s. 6d. Killed in good condition, it ought to weigh from six to seven pounds. It is worth about 6d. per lb. It yields besides one pound of fat, worth about 10d.; the offal fetches 3d.; the feathers and down about 1s. 2d.; making a total of 5s. 8d. All the profit consequently is derived from the liver, which is sold according to its size and quality, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. The value of the liver is said to depend, like beer, chiefly on the quality of the water.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

THE *Dublin Express* is responsible for the following singular story, which, that journal asserts, formed a topic of conversation in the city:—"It is stated that a young lady of high respectability, daughter of a well-known merchant in Dublin, left her father's residence early on Tuesday afternoon for a walk. Not returning home at the hour at which she was expected, her friends became uneasy for her safety, and their anxiety increased when hour after hour passed by without any tidings of her being received. Search was of course made, and persons sent in various directions to discover some intelligence as to what had become of her, but it was not until late in the evening that she was discovered by one of the servants, who found the young lady tied hand and foot to a tree in her father's shrubbery, her mouth being so completely gagged that she was totally unable to cry for help or utter a sound. She was, of course, immediately released, and conveyed to the house, but it was some time before she was restored from the condition of exhaustion to which she had been reduced. On recovering, she stated that, while walking through the grounds, she suddenly met two men engaged in talking to each other; that the moment these parties observed her, one of them followed her, and asked if she had heard any of their conversation. She replied in the negative; but this they evidently disbelieved, as they proceeded to drag her to a tree, to the trunk of which they bound her securely and, having gagged her so as to prevent her crying for help, they decamped, first cautioning her that if she valued her life she would



GEESE JUST KILLED.

not disclose to any person what had occurred. Beyond tying her to the tree and gagging her they did not offer her any molestation. The state of terror in which the lady remained until discovered by the servant may be easily imagined. It is stated that her father subsequently received an anonymous letter warning him to take no proceedings nor pursue the matter further, as, if he took any step towards discovering the parties, his daughter would be shot. It is surmised that the parties were connected with the murder of Mr. Braddell, and that one of them was Hayes, and that they feared that the lady had overheard sufficient of their conversation to point out who they were."

On Saturday, an inquiry was held at the King's Arms tavern, City-road, by Mr. Walthew, respecting the death of Caroline Clarke, aged seventeen years, who was stated not to have grown an inch since she was a month old. It appeared that the deceased was the daughter of Mr. J. Clarke, human hair preparer, 22, Craven-street, City-road. She had a heavy fit of illness when only a month old, and had never grown since. She had a remarkably fine voice, but was unable to talk, at least so as to be understood. She could understand what was said to her, but would frequently forget it in a few minutes. Recently her mother died, and she pined much in consequence, and on the previous Monday she was noticed to be particularly out of spirits. Dr. Simpson was sent for, but she died almost immediately without any particular ailment. Dr. Simpson said he took her to be a child of two years old, and diminutive for her age. She had been taken at various times to different medical men, but they declared that medical science could do nothing for her. Her body measured only twenty-four inches in length, and was not ill-proportioned. The jury found a verdict that deceased died from natural causes.



MARKET FOR GEESE AT STRASBURG.

Literature.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571, there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and throughout her fatal illness, the dying husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till, at length, they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, Roma Germanica, and sometimes the Sacred City. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the Cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is archæd. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the Apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to show their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried in great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up-stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no moneys on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that in a very short time, the housetops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour, or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich pre-

lates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife lying in bed with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter!"

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiote, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him; the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs; a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamplight flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but in his hurry and trepidation he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and, supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropped down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim light of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought, and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself,—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the Lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the Lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect tools, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—oh, no! it is for my wife and children!"

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its fingers; but what was his horror when the dead retained the grasp!—his hand was clutched, ay, firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the Devil's Stone, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the devil. This much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled,

winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour? "It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer. "And who are you?" again asked Adolph. "Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you." Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed. "Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton; "not here—we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at his affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. "I would rather," he exclaimed—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other hand, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague-fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?" Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living!"

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to night; it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple window."

"I see how it is," answered Hans; "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."—"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning Elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious Elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent!" replied Adolph; "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd, wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the honours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the

high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience, for his heart throbbled with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master; "I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver. "Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide! who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of the sexton of Cologne.

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God?"

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy."

"We soon recovered—I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood or a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms."

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

WHAT is the difference between a sleigh-driver and a butcher? One steers the sleigh, the other slays the steer.

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THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has consented to allow the Two Shilling Society of Arts' Prize Writing Case to pass through the book-post for four stamps, so that this compact case, of which 150,000 have already been sold can now be sent to any part of the United Kingdom by sending twenty-eight stamps to the makers and inventors, Pankus and Goffin, 25, Oxford-street, London. The case contains writing paper, envelopes, blotting-book, metal pen-case with reserve of pens.

Fort and Wisdom.



CHASE OF A C